Australian
PENTHOUSE
THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE
JUNE 1991

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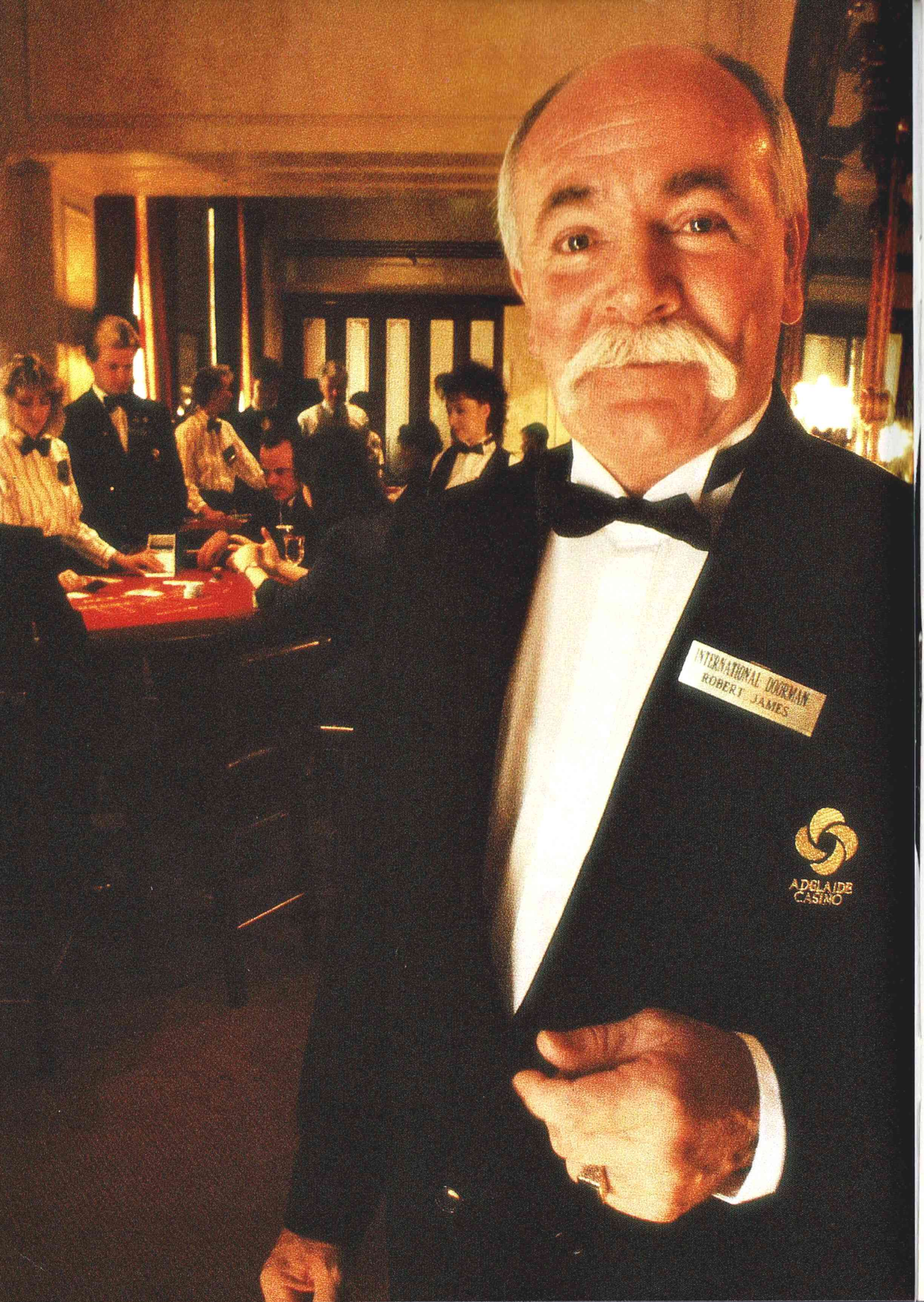

'Nice to see you again sir.'

My eyes were fixed on a group of familiar faces at the other side of the room. One in particular.

He didn't see me but I recognised the check suit reflected from the chandelier back into the mirror-like surface of his head.

Was there an Asian junket in town, or was he down here in Adelaide for just a few days?

At any rate, there'd be a lively time in the International Room tonight.

I felt a rush as the manager led me to the last table on the right. He knew me.

He knew my track. He knew that was always my first move.

Did he also know that I was there this night to make a killing?

Nice to see you?

Huh!

"I'll make him eat those words," I thought to myself, as friendly as he was.

I was tired. Though flying in on a first class ticket had helped.

I had hardly enough energy to pick up the phone to call the Casino. I'd been working around the clock for the past few weeks.

I called, they did the rest. You work then you play.

I remembered back a year when I became a member of the International Room.

All the casinos have them, clubs that is, though none of them is as generous as Adelaide.

I was looking forward to the soft bed in the complimentary room at the Hyatt Regency.

'I'll make him eat those words.'

I deserved that, I'd turned over much more than the minimum last year.

Though they don't give those privileges to just anybody.

I was on the verge of a big win.

All this raced through my head as I sat down at the table.

A glass of Wild Turkey bourbon arrived, kept by the house just for me, but this time courtesy of my Asian mate. He'd seen me come in.

But right now something even more exhilarating was running through my veins.

A little white ball zipped through my aorta and straight to my head.

The whirring of my brain slowed to a snail's pace as the ball bounced into its slot.

"32 Red." There was a flurry of activity from the croupier. Only one small pay-out that spin.

The table was $100 minimum.

There were a few sizeable stacks. I riffled my chips.

They tumbled out of my fingers, tunnelling down like a speckled caterpillar into a perfect cylinder on the table.

I covered the corners and settled in for the night.

A drink in my hand, a spread of food just two steps away and the flash of winning in my eyes.

The croupier saw it. She nodded. "Nice to see you again, sir."

"Another one." I thought.

"Doesn't she know why I'm here?"

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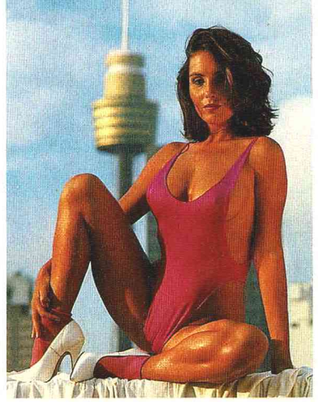
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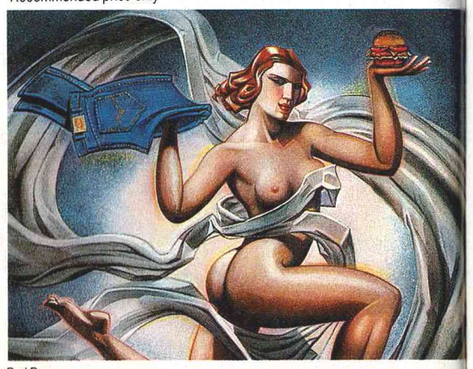
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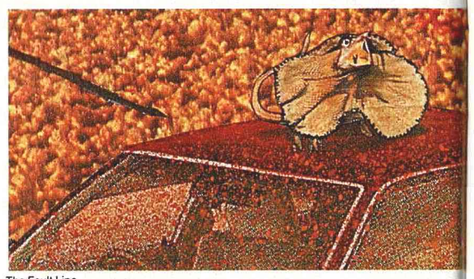
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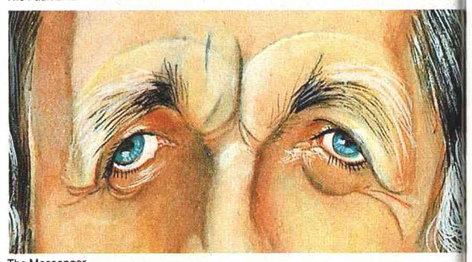
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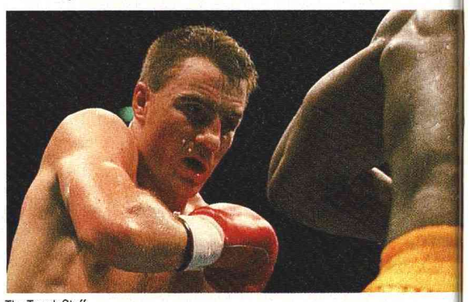
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ANTONELLA GAMBOTTO

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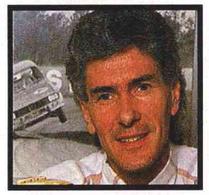
JEAN NORMAN

GRANTLEE KIEZA


PETER McKAY

HOUSECALL

RED RAW
When the Berlin Wall fell back in November '89 the West smelled a killing. Weren't there 420 million virgin consumers on the other side who'd practically kill for a set of Reeboks, a Big Mac, a can of Coke and especially a quality line in pay-as-you-enter sex? What they didn't know — and what they've now learned to their cost — was that graft, vice and high living had always gone on behind the Iron Curtain, and most of all in the USSR. **John Baxter** gives an amusing and uplifting account of how our new comrades, even under extreme duress, always found a way to get down and dirty. **Mark Sofilas** created the illustration on page 26.

THE FAULT LINE
It would be nice to think you could do your bit for the economy by buying an Australian-made car. Well you could, but you'd be crazy. Better to steer clear of Australia's five vehicle manufacturers because they can't get within cooee of the Japanese and the Germans — and as Motoring Editor **Peter McKay** points out, the gap between the domestic jobs and the imports is getting wider all the time. McKay explains why on page 34. The accompanying illustration is by **Victor Terletzky.**

THE MESSENGER
John Pilger, journalist, film-maker, playwright and all-round crusader for truth, justice and the Australian way, has always riled the Establishment with his black-and-white, goodies versus baddies approach to the major issues he's tackled, from the Vietnam War to poverty in Britain. In his latest book, *A Secret Country*, Pilger tips the bucket on the "order of mates" who run Australia and in analysing the Aboriginal problem he draws disturbing parallels with South Africa. Not the sort of thing that would endear him to the Bruce Ruxtons among us, but as **Antonella Gambotto** observes in this thoughtful profile, Pilger is happy to damn the torpedoes and keep going full speed ahead. Turn to page 48.

DATES FROM HELL
Dating is erotic. Dating is dramatic. Dating is fun. That's what all the novels and soapies and TV ads say. So how come half the time when you chance your arm on a date, you end up pinching yourself in the hope of waking up — in your own bed, alone? Because in reality, dating is a minefield littered with losers, idiots, wankers, bores and psychotics, and in many cases, all of the above. Humorist **Jean Norman** has seen and done them all, and now thoughtfully provides *Penthouse* readers with a ready reference guide to getting through your Dates From Hell. **Doug Roberts'** illustration is on page 52.

THE TOUGH STUFF
Some of the greatest acts of courage in the Australian sporting arena have been perpetrated by inspirational characters who, in some cases, lifted the spirits of the entire country. Others have been perpetrated by people on the verge of lunacy, idiocy or both. Sportswriter **Grantlee Kieza** documents the cavalcade of great Australian sporting legends from the past and present on page 66.

JUNE

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feedback

To each his own

Why do all your pictorials show overgroomed 20-year-olds with neatly trimmed pubic hair? Isn't it about time you gave us some pictures of real women? I'm talking about women in their thirties and forties. They are more appealing to me than the toddlers you favor, and I don't think I'm alone in my tastes. Not that I'm whingeing for older women exclusively; some of your young women are exquisite — Shauna Oaks, for example (December '90), has to be by far the best yet. My point is that variety is the spice of life. Mix it up a bit.

On another front, I think the Forum letters are getting out of control. They used to be realistic — and arousing. Now they just deserve a laugh. Loch Ness Monsters? Spacemen? Really! I look forward to future issues. — *B. Rawnsley, East Brisbane, Qld*

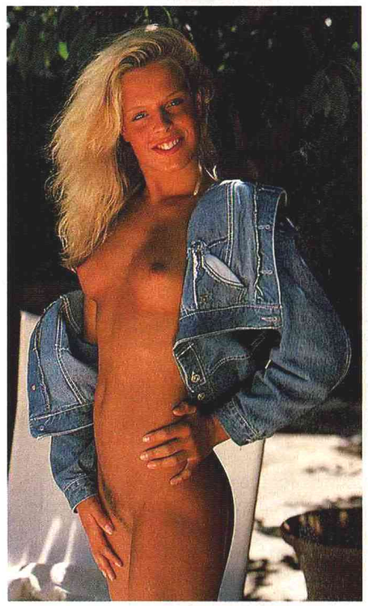
Points taken. Penthouse *does endeavor to present a varied range of pictorials in each of its monthly editions and has featured more mature models from time to time. As to Forum, well, your maxim applies: Variety is the spice . . .* — Ed

Lost contact

Howard Houck's guide to the world's contact magazines (February, 1991) was very poorly researched. How could he miss Australia's largest contact magazine, *Single Life*? Each month it carries hundreds of listings from both men and women and is available in newsagents in all states except WA. Names and addresses are kept confidential and letters are forwarded through a code number. With a cover price of $2.50 and a $5 charge to place an ad and a $6 charge to forward letters, it is much better value than the publications listed in the article. — *Peter Torney, Publisher*, Single Life, *East St Kilda, Vic*

Ship ahoy

I am an American sailor and some time ago I subscribed to *Australian Penthouse*. I've never regretted it. Neither have my shipmates. The issues really get passed around. A real favorite was your August '90 issue, featuring the beautiful Laura Willis. She has to be the most gorgeous woman I've ever seen, and I'm not just saying that because I've been out here in the Gulf for what seems like forever. Keep the issues coming. — *The men of OW Division,* USS Fife, *Persian Gulf*



Danny Simons . . . crimes of passion

Fatuous facts

Your food column by Elisabeth King in the March '91 issue was amusing but surely riddled with gross generalisations. Ms King contends that the performance of cunnilingus will burn only four calories a minute, but anyone performing fellatio is burning up 14 calories a minute. Now how on Earth can such things be measured? Admittedly, I don't know too much about the performance of fellatio, but I contend that I have burned up a lot more than four calories a minute performing cunnilingus. Have kept myself in trim with regular energetic cunnilingus, in fact. Can be hell on the mouth, though. Can Ms King tell me how many calories there are in a tube of Chapstick? I go through truckloads of the stuff. — *Frank Taylor, Brisbane, Qld*

Cover story

Salutations and congratulations on your March '91 cover and the pictorial of covergirl Danny Simons. She is fresh, radiantly beautiful and the best reason ever to have bought an issue of *Australian Penthouse*. In fact, such was my infatuation with this woman that I didn't stop at simply buying the magazine; I also stole the poster of her from the wire thing out the front of the newsagent. Didn't stop at just that, either. I roamed the surrounding suburbs and stole three more from newsagents before a woman caught me in the act and chased me away from my quarry. I felt like a real devo, but now I've got a poster of the divine Danny in every room of the house. Who said crime doesn't pay? — *Name withheld, Stanmore, NSW*

Hot stuff

The day I bought your March issue was the day that the TV show *Twin Peaks* started in NSW. There had been a lot of bullshit build-up to it in all the newspapers, on the radio and, of course, on the TV channel that was showing it. As there was no football on that night, I decided to watch it. I lasted about ten minutes before turning off the set in disgust and retiring to read *Penthouse* instead. There I discovered the much more appealing twin peaks of the gorgeous Yvonne Currie. No disappointment there and no ads. I read a few of the stories in the mag, too, before deciding to call a friend in the States and ask him who killed Laura Palmer. He told me and since then I've gone around telling everyone. It was the father. Heh, heh, heh. They don't call me an arsehole for nothing. Thanks for a great mag. — *J. Conrad, Bellevue Hill, NSW*

Broadening the mind

I usually enjoy reading the "Front" columns as you seem to have a great diversity of writers and opinions. The travel columns have become a bit of a favorite, as the destinations and the writing styles are often wildly different from those seen in travel sections of other publications. The piece on Amsterdam in March was a case in point. Like something from the pen of the sainted Hunter S., writer Paul Stafford's style indicated much serious self-destructive research into that city's dark underbelly. What a twisted fool. Reminded me a lot of my own experience of Amsterdam, or at least the bits I remember of it. Good stuff. — *Wally R., Neutral Bay, NSW*

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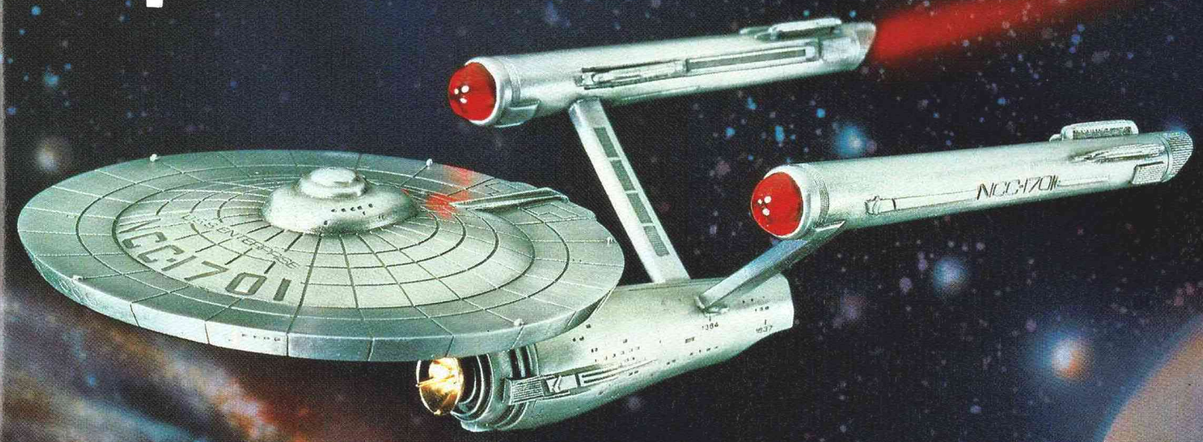

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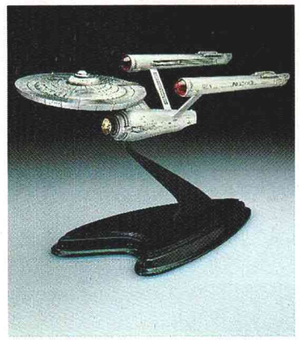

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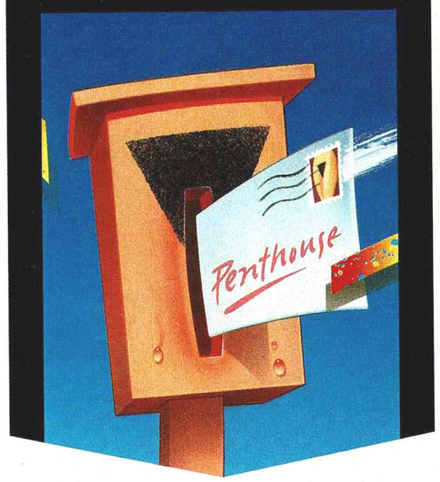


forum

Tram traveller

One of the few compensations for travelling to work each day on a rickety old Melbourne tram is that every so often, if you're lucky, you find yourself sitting opposite an especially pretty girl. And if you're really lucky, she'll be wearing a skirt short enough to show off a shapely pair of legs.

On this particular morning, as I was travelling up St Kilda Road in the direction of the advertising agency at which I work, my attention was caught by a particularly stunning woman standing just a few feet away from where I was sitting, and clutching on to one of the fraying leather handstraps. She was quite tall with longish blonde hair, small firm breasts and the most beautiful blue eyes I'd ever seen. But what really caught my eye were her legs. They were long, tanned, shapely and shown off to their best advantage by a tiny black leather mini skirt that barely covered her tight arse, and black leather stilettos which were six inches high if they were a centimetre. I could feel my cock stirring inside my jeans just looking at those smooth silky thighs.

Well, some days you get lucky and some you don't, but on this day the gods were obviously smiling down on me, because the middle-aged sales executive sitting opposite me suddenly stood up, pulled the cord to signal the driver to stop, then edged his way grudgingly towards the exit. No prizes for guessing who took his seat. My heart began to pound as I watched her squeeze her way through the crowded tram and settle herself down comfortably in front of me. Now, for the first time since I'd noticed her, I was able to study those magnificent legs close up, and when I did, I got the shock of my life!

Starting casually with those sexy stilettos, I nonchalantly allowed my gaze to drift slowly to her pretty ankles, up her perfectly tanned calves to her knees, then along those deliciously firm thighs to what I hoped would be a quick glimpse of maybe a pair of brief lacy knickers (I'm definitely kinky for that sort of thing). But when my eyes reached that heavenly spot that draws all men like a magnet, I froze! Instead of the expected lace, this gorgeous woman, this absolute vision, was wearing — nothing! Underneath that tiny skirt, my dream girl was stark naked!

I couldn't believe it! There in front of me was the most beautiful blonde pussy I'd ever seen and she was making not the slightest effort to hide it. Within a moment, my cock had expanded to its full eight inches and had begun to throb in time to my quickening heart-beat. She knew I was looking, too, because when I shot an embarrassed glance at her, she smiled provocatively and adjusted her position so that her knees were now slightly apart. Well, what the heck? I thought. If she didn't mind me looking, as sure as hell I was going to get an eyeful before my time came to get off (so to speak).

And an eyeful is exactly what I got; soft pink lips nestling between silky brown thighs and seemingly begging me to reach out and caress them lightly with the tips of my trembling fingers. What I wouldn't have given to have felt my throbbing hard-on plunging into that tight wet hole. And when I say wet, I mean dripping! It was obvious that she was just as turned on as I was, because even at that distance, I could clearly see her cunt glistening.

By this time, of course, my cock was so hard it was painful and it took all my concentration not to come, right there and then, in my jeans. She was aware of my discomfort too, because I noticed that she was staring directly at my bulging crotch while her thighs parted another inch or two to allow me an unobstructed view of her rosy clitoris. I would have given a week's wages right then to have felt my tongue flicking sensuously back and forth across that pink swollen button. And I am sure there would have been no complaints from her either, because when I again stole a quick glance at her, I was surprised to see that her eyes were closed and she seemed to be breathing in short sharp gasps, all the while squirming almost imperceptibly in her seat. Could it be true? There on a crowded Melbourne tram in the middle of peak hour, could this heavenly apparition actually be coming? My hard-on began to quiver uncontrollably and I knew that, like her, I'd just about reached the point of no return.

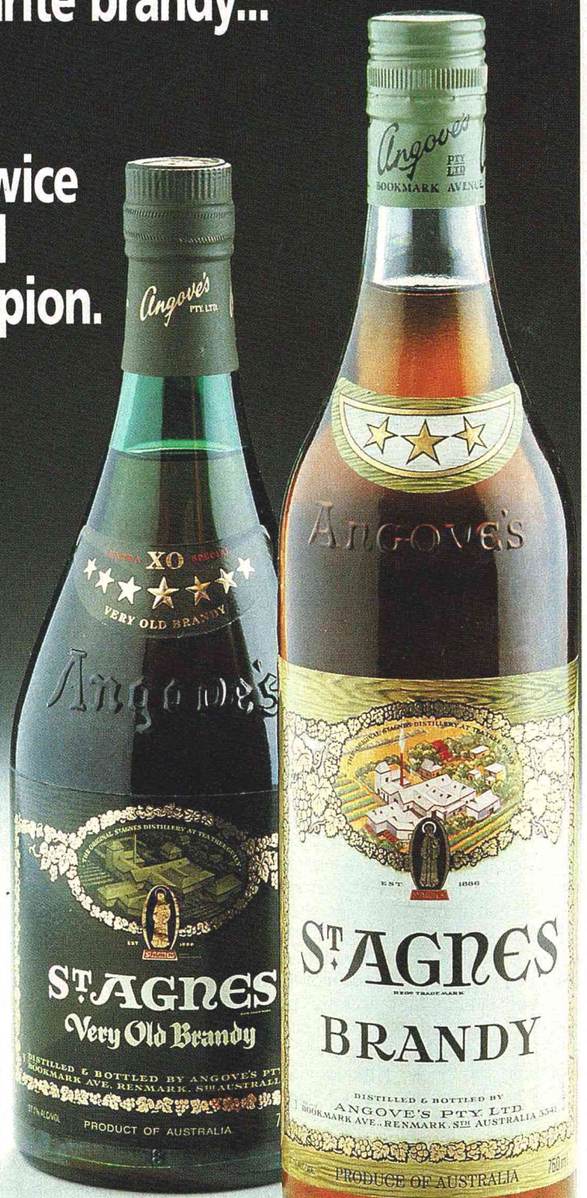
Suddenly, she opened her eyes, smiled straight at me and slid her tongue seductively across her lips. That was the last straw! Grabbing my newspaper and dropping it quickly across my lap, I surrendered to a surreptitious but violent orgasm. Whether any of the other passengers were aware of my barely restrained shudders or my partner's blatant exposure of herself, I neither noticed nor cared. All I could focus on was the explosion in my now red-hot balls as they pumped what seemed to me like gallons and gallons of creamy come into my brand new jocks.

Never before had I known a climax of such force and never in such bizarre circumstances. It was incredible! But of course, all good things must come to an end, and when I finally opened my eyes and breathed a sigh of relief, I found to my despair that my temptress had disappeared. Looking frantically over my shoulder, I caught a quick glimpse of her as she stepped off the tram, flashed a brief teasing smile in my direction, then strode purposefully towards the pedestrian crossing as if nothing had happened.

Now I won't go into details about the difficulty in getting through a day at work in my, shall I say, uncomfortable condition. Needless to say, there was a certain

Behind Australia's favourite brandy...

the twice world champion.



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forum

amount of embarrassment on my part and plenty of sniggers on the part of my workmates. I never saw my young seductress again, but each morning now as I board my regular tram, I keep a very close look out for any suggestion of black leather or stiletto heels. Oh! And of course, I now keep a spare pair of jeans at the office — just in case. — *Name and address withheld*

Friendly gesture

Tania and I had been good friends for three years before it finally happened to us. Sure, we'd been attracted to each other, but physical intimacy was an unspoken taboo — and it just about drove me nuts. I mean, there Tania was asking my advice and describing her sexual affairs in detail while all I could do was dream about fucking her!

My frustration reached boiling point only a couple of weeks ago when Tania and I went out drinking after breaking up with our respective lovers. We really got pissed, but it was more of a celebration than a wake. She'd been going out with a real jerk and I'd been balling a bimbo. Suddenly, we were free again.

I don't even remember walking back to Tania's apartment, or for that matter passing out, but when I woke up the next day, I was lying in Tania's bed and she was asleep next to me. I still had my underpants on, so I was pretty sure we hadn't screwed. But I also had a morning hard-on and a head full of horny ideas.

Tania's nightshirt had ridden up her thighs. I could see she wasn't wearing any panties so I thought that if I got her aroused with some gentle sex play before she was fully awake, I might have a chance at fucking her. I cuddled up to her and gingerly began to massage her breasts. They felt soft and full through the flannel — much larger than I'd imagined. I cupped them in my palms and gently squeezed them with my fingers.

Soon Tania began to stir, and as I reached beneath her shirt to fondle her hardening nipples she moaned and softly asked what I was doing. I told her I was making love to her like I'd been dreaming of doing every day for the last three years. She didn't open her eyes, but I could see that she was smiling. She said nothing, but pushed my hand down to her pussy.

As I ran my fingers through her pubic hair and down along the folds of her cunt, Tania let her legs fall slightly apart. Her crotch felt warm and moist and her scent soon filled the air.

I began to rub the tender knob of her clit gently. It hardened immediately and as I began to massage it between my fingers, I told Tania how often I'd fantasised about taking her to bed and making raw,

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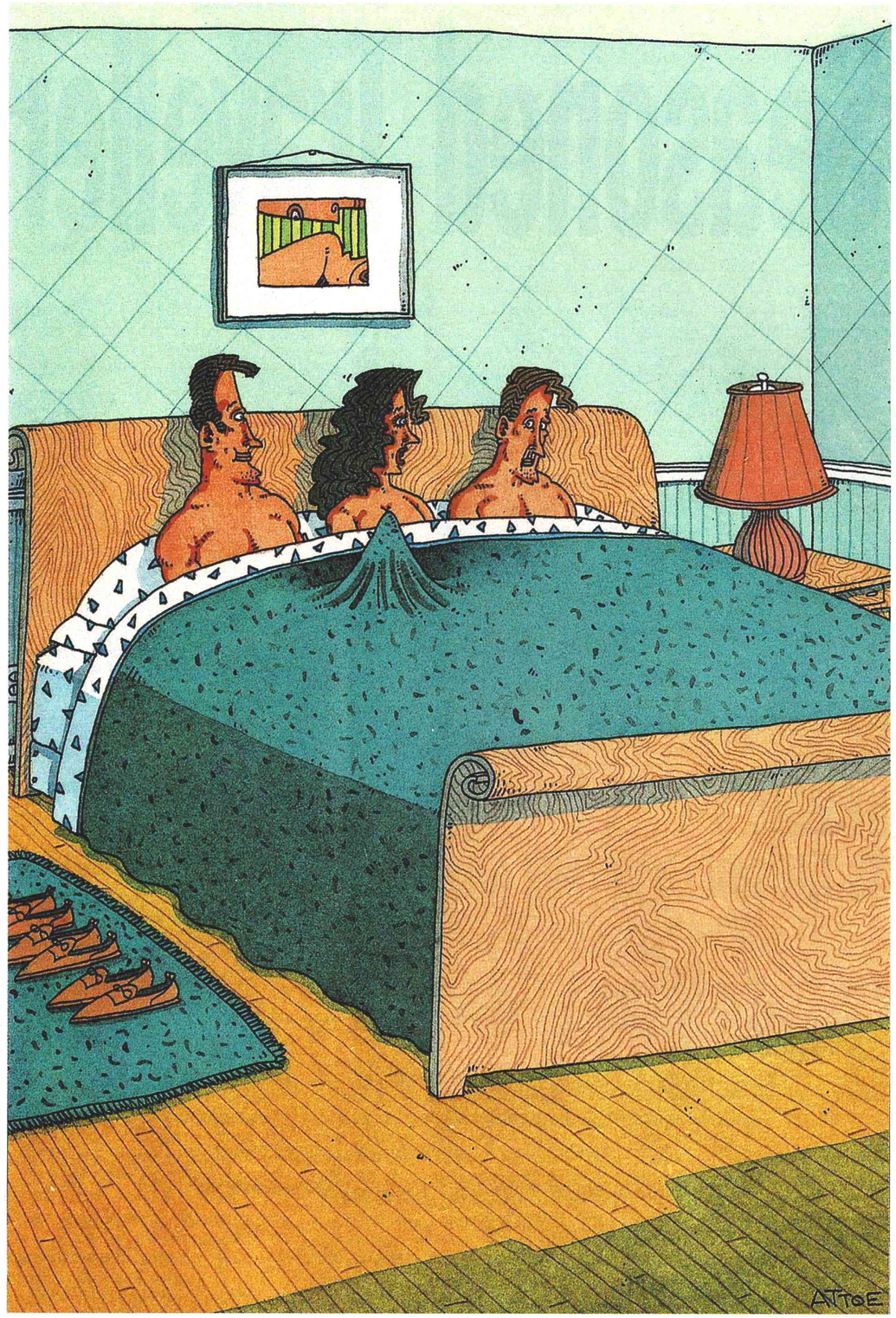
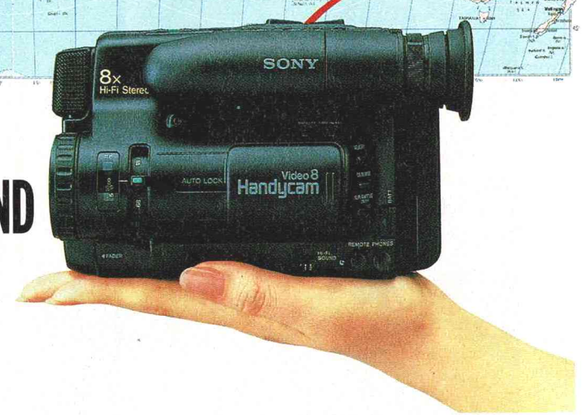


"I would hardly call this a threesome."

"Seasoned Traveller"



SONY VIDEO 8
PUTS THE WORLD IN YOUR HAND

3 HOURS RECORDING
Video 8

The Sony Video 8 system has become the preferred choice of consumers around the world. Long recognised as the innovator in video/audio technology, Sony offers consumers the largest range of Video 8 Camcorders and accessories to suit any situation. The TR75 Handycam Traveller (pictured) for example offers Hi-Fi stereo recording and playback, 8 x power zoom, 1/4000th of a second variable speed digital shutter, 3 hr recording and the unique quick start feature designed in Australia which reduces the recording time lag to an almost instantaneous 0.2 seconds.

Handycam

SONY
THE ONE AND ONLY

PUMP IT UP

These are truly the days of miracle and wonder. I hold in my hand the AMS 700 Ultrex penile prosthetic implant, a translucent, tube-connected arrangement of two silicone cylinders, a small reservoir of clear fluid and a bulb pump about the size of a little apricot. A softly spoken man on the other side of a blond wood desk is inflating the device for me, gently squeezing the bulb and watching my reactions intensely. The two cylinders swell slowly in girth until they reach what I'm later told is a diameter of 18mm and then they begin to stretch out a few centimetres in length.

"What do you see, Corinne?" the man asks.

"It grew fatter and then it started getting quite a bit longer," I observe.

"Exactly," he says with some pride. "And how does it feel?"

I grasp both cylinders together and give them a healthy but not too savage squeeze; they are taut but

Big things are afoot in the world of penile implants

still just a little resilient in my slightly perspiring fist. "It feels just like the real thing," I announce, then blow my cool completely with a shrieking giggle. The man smiles widely and benevolently. His company's flagship product has just cleared another important consumer hurdle. It has been adjudged ridgy-didge by a woman from *Penthouse* magazine.

As I wait for the penile implant to deflate in my grasp I have time to reflect on just how marvellous is medical technology. The 700 Ultrex is not the only penile implant I have prodded and fondled this afternoon in the offices of Ivan Sjreber, of American Medical Systems in Australia. I have bent and squeezed my way through the recent evolution of prosthetic implants for organically (as opposed to psychologically) impotent men.

All the gizmos I have handled involve cylindrical bits that are implanted in the corpora cavernosa — the spongy tubes on each side of the penis that are supposed to suffuse with seven times more blood than normal during a naturally achieved erection.

First out of the bag of tricks were what are known as malleable prostheses, bendy candle-like sticks surgically inserted in the corpora. Malleable prostheses, which have been around for more than ten years, give the implantee a permanent erection which has to be tucked up under the belt or arranged down the trouser leg when not in action. Hardly the go in a pair of Speedos at the beach, but these prostheses are still recommended for arthritic men who may have trouble with the pumps in more technical implants.

Onward to hydraulic devices, including the very snazzy Dynaflex implants — self-contained, very easily inflated silicone tubes which fill with non-saline fluid when reservoir pumps inside each side of the penis are squeezed. Easily inserted in a half-hour operation, and as reliable as Old Faithful, the Dynaflex implants are a wonder.

But the hydraulic AMS 700 CX model and the state of the art 700 Ultrex, the latter launched in America and Australia late last year, are the Rolls Royces of penile implants. More complex in design, with their bulb pump that sits in the scrotum and their reservoir that is housed behind lower stomach muscle, these come closest to simulating natural erections. And where the 700 Ultrex outglitters all the other jewels in

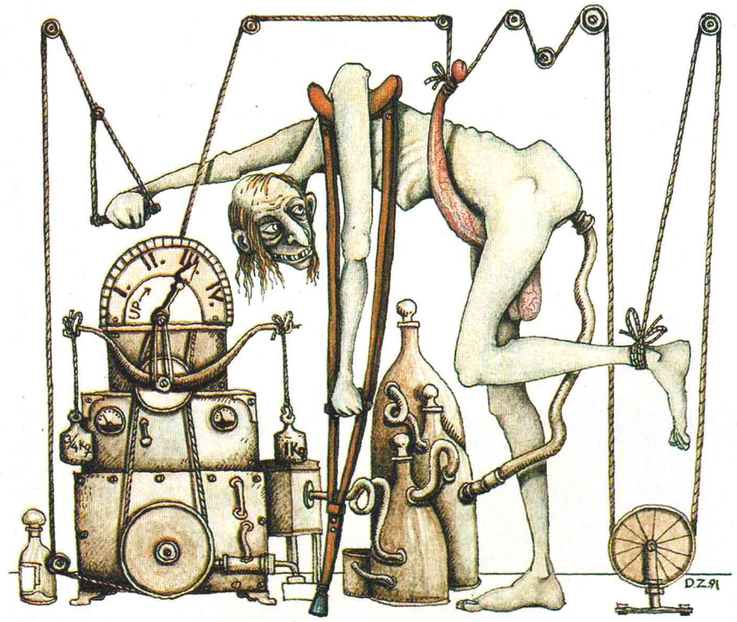


Illustration by Drahos Zak

AMS's crown of prosthetics is in the tale of the tape, for where its recent antecedents could expand only in girth, the Ultrex is the world's first penile implant that will also *increase in length* — BIG news in urological circles. It strikes me immediately that this may be the Holy Grail: a device that will actually make the human penis thicker and longer — but, as it turns out, only for men who cannot achieve erection. This irony I ponder, as I reverently lay the now flaccid device back among its less advanced brothers on Ivan Sjreber's desk.

Most men will suffer at some time from "situational" impotence, caused by stress, guilt, anxiety or overindulgence in drugs or alcohol. But one in ten men will suffer chronic impotence. In roughly 40 percent of these cases the cause is psychological, and is most often treated by sexual counselling. But for the rest the cause is physical or "organic", the result of any number of a long list of ailments. In most cases, the ability to reach orgasm may not be impaired, only the functions that allow erections hard enough to achieve sexual penetration. Such erectile dysfunction is remedied with a prosthetic, implanted in a relatively brief and largely refundable operation. Thousands of Australian men now sport penile prostheses.

But why the fanfare for a prosthetic that grows like topsy? Ivan Sjreber patiently explains: "What happens in impotent men, depending on how long they have been impotent, is that they get some penile wastage — just like muscular atrophy in body builders who no longer lift weights. One of the main comments among people who have had penile implants is that they've lost about an inch.

"Also, about a year after the operation in which a correctly-sized prosthetic has been fitted, many men have found that their corpora have stretched and that they can lift their glans about an inch over the implant. Those men say to themselves, 'Jeez, I wish they'd fitted a longer one.' The 700 Ultrex has been developed to fill that space as it appears."

Sjreber *knows* that the Ultrex is the sliced bread of the prosthetic world. He *knows* that its revolutionary stretchy Dacron and Lycra fabric was two years in secret research and development in the Minnesota headquarters of AMS, the prosthetics giant who splashed, so to speak, on to the urological scene 20 years ago with the Artificial Urinary Sphincter for the incontinent. But he knows also that he must voice the official reservations: "Now, while the 700 Ultrex elongates, a urologist *can't* say to his patient that it's going to add a couple of inches to his penis, because that depends on the patient's tissue compliance. But we know that in clinical trials, some men have had up to four centimetres added to the length they'd attained with previous prosthetics."

"The Ultrex is the world's first penile prosthesis that will increase in length."

AMS is not the only company supplying penile prostheses to the local medical scene, though it is the sole distributor of the elongating Ultrex. AMS is the only company that provides an information service for the impotent in Australia. Through regular press advertisements and some TV, the company's Sydney office receives calls from thousands of men in search of help for a very personal problem. After a phone conversation which pinpoints the cause of the impotence, the caller is provided with free, easy to read literature. Indeed, such is the variety of brochures, booklets and videos about impotence available through AMS, and such is their mission to promote awareness that this very common problem can be overcome, that I left their offices with a showbag of impotence info I could hardly carry. And Ivan Sjreber was so keen on me actually witnessing an Ultrex implant that I was lucky to escape him without being scrubbed up and slapped into a gown and surgical mask at the nearest hospital. I politely declined and fled. Medical technology is indeed a miracle and a wonder, but the cutty, hurty bits always did make me feel kind of wobbly. And this feminine ego could never let it be said that I fainted at the sight of a dick. — *C.J. Mackay*

The Impotence Information Centre can be contacted on (02) 437 4300, or write to PO Box 549, Crows Nest, NSW 2065.

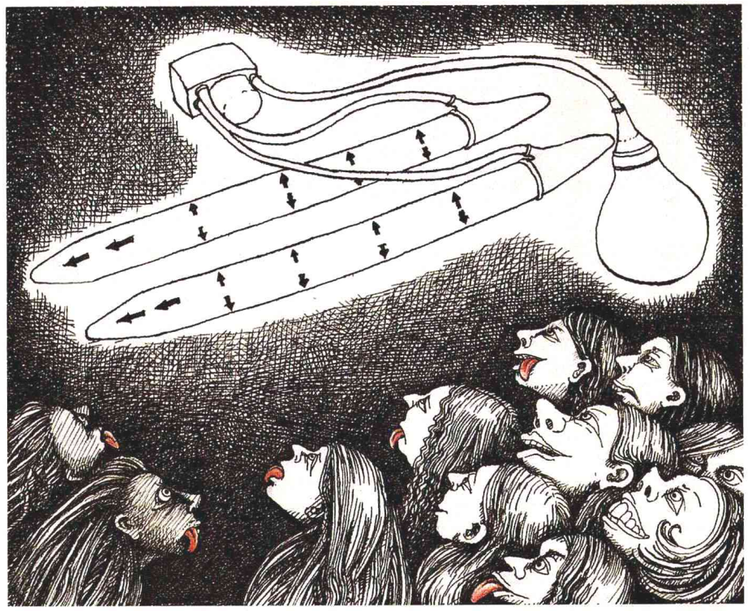
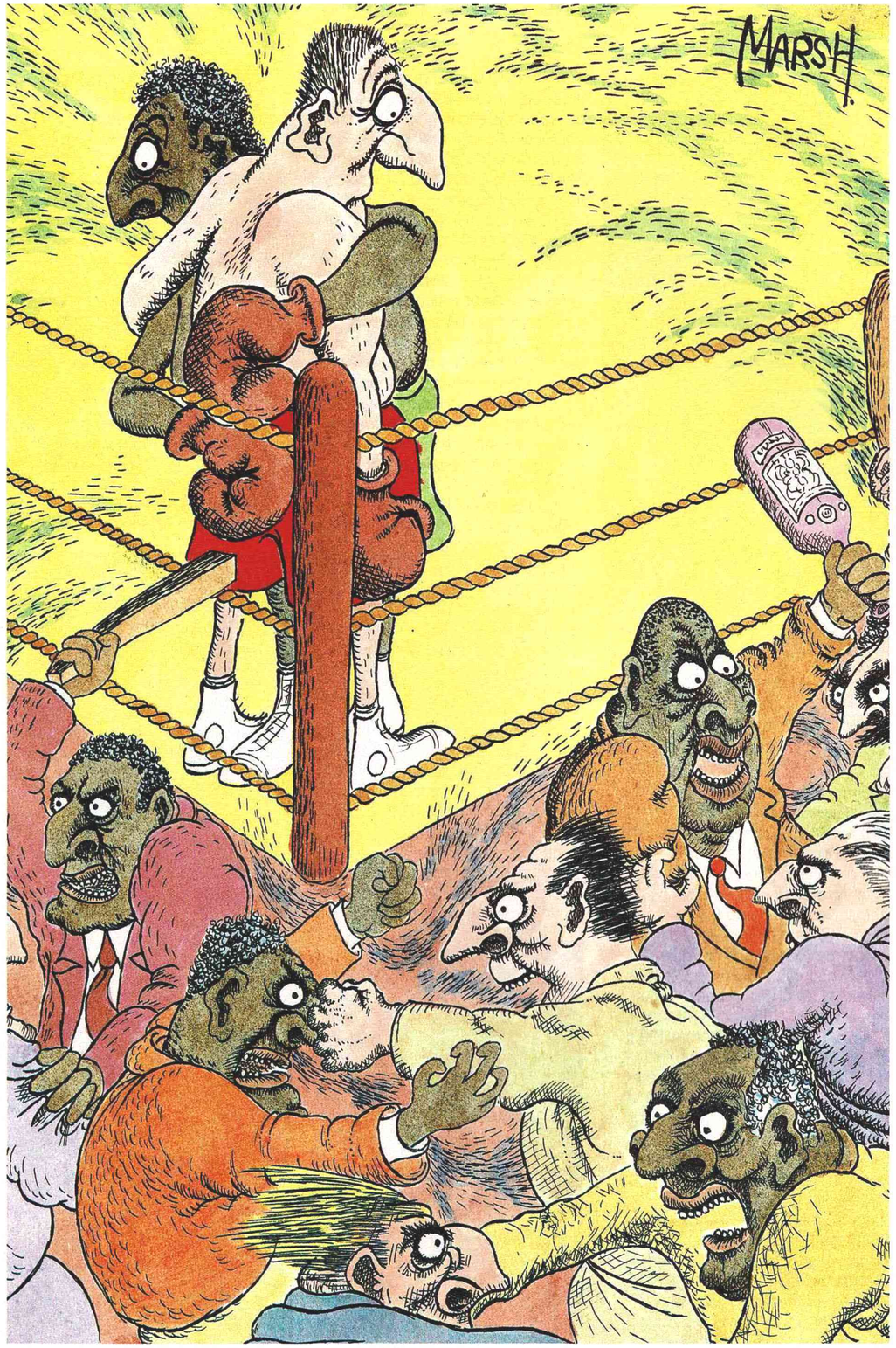
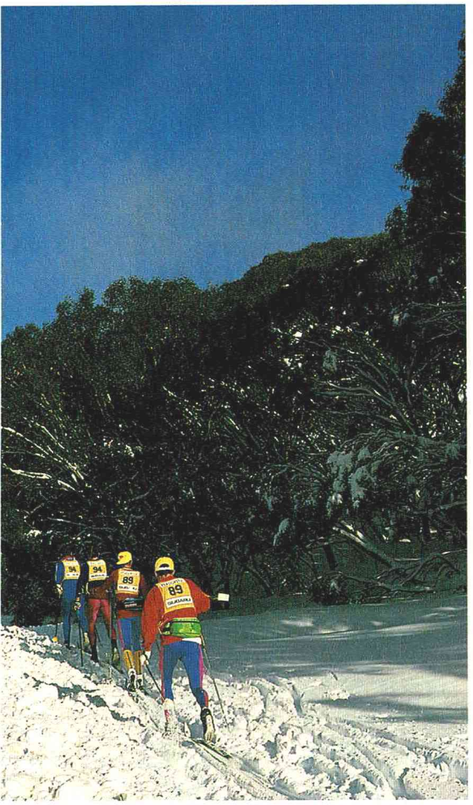


Illustration by Drahos Zak



STARTING COLD



Photography by Andrew Barnes

Elite athletes are a strange phenomenon. They train, hurt themselves, push and push with just one goal: to win. An even stranger phenomenon are non-elite athletes: ordinary folk who push themselves far beyond their ordinary limits with just one goal: to finish.

On the last weekend of July each year, a mixture of sportspeople congregate in the high country near Omeo, North East Victoria. Roughly 40 are elite athletes. The other 500 would be considered ordinary folk. All of them have arrived to compete in the Peregrine Winter Classic.

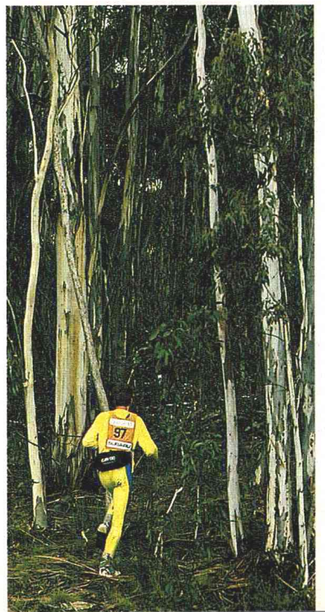
Compete may be the wrong word. Celebrate may be a better one. This two-day event, in its ninth year, has become a religion to many competitors. Most will have trained over the year for these two days. They'll go prancing off through rugged bush, compass in hand. They'll break skis around Dinner Plain, break kayaks on the Mitta Mitta River. They'll scream headlong down dirt tracks on skinny wheels and puncture tyres on the corrugations.

On the first day, entrants must cross-country ski 19 kilometres, run on roads and through bush another 20, cycle 48 more, then paddle 15 kilometres down the Mitta Mitta River. Skiing is dropped on the second day but the course is set over even tougher terrain: more white water, more bush running and far more dirt road than on the first.

Two "classes" of team can be entered in the Classic. Consisting of six people, the combined teams send off a different pair for each section of the competition. Marathon teams consist of just two people who complete the entire course together. Teams cannot substitute members and must complete the two days using the same equipment they started with.

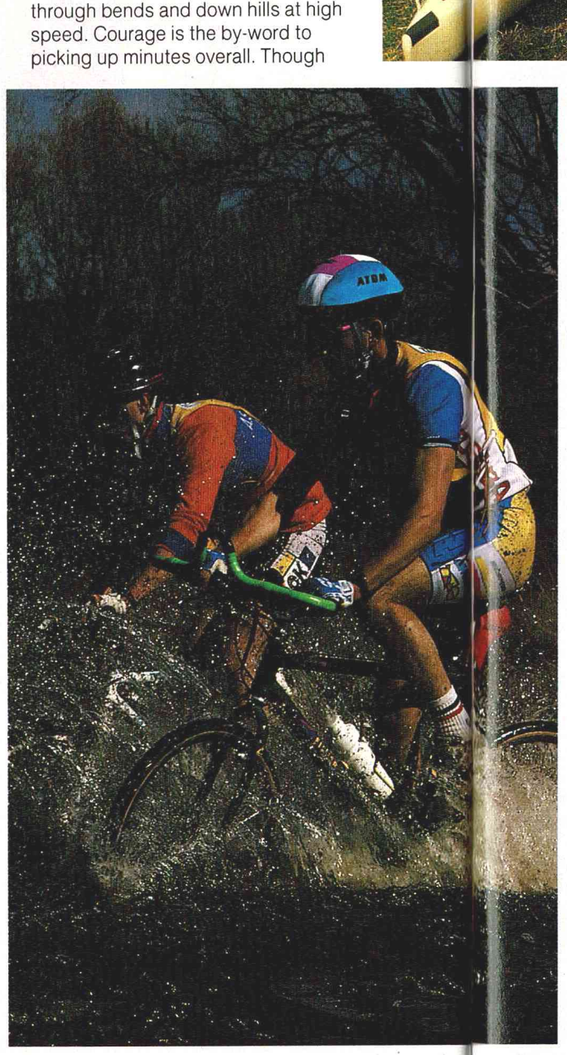
The 1990 event hosted the first "international" competitors to enter. Subaru sponsored two New Zealand marathon teams. The Kiwis were seasoned campaigners, strong and fit from the rigors of their own events. The most famous of these is the Coast to Coast on the South Island, which is one of the toughest races in the world, through some remarkably rugged country.

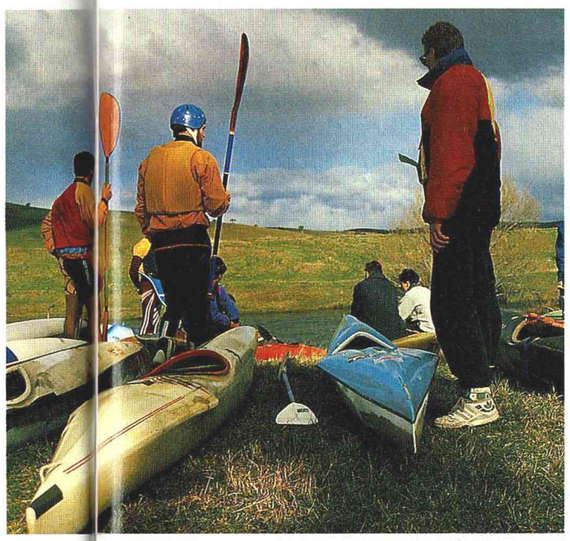
On Saturday, fantastic conditions heralded the first skiers as they took off up the trail. Incredible skill was on display as they flashed past using the skating technique on skis resembling toothpicks. Mind you, plenty of skiers resembled wombats rather than hares. An early setback came for the Kiwi South team of Steve Gurney and Russell Prince when they broke a ski.



The most competitive teams changed nothing except footwear to start the run. Combination skiers quickly "relayed" to their running pair. They charged off down the road, stuffing bananas and carbo-loaded drinks into their mouths. In the spirit of making things as difficult as possible, half the run was through bush requiring navigation by map and compass. One of the women's marathon teams experienced heartbreak when they got lost and spent half an hour finding their way out.

The cycle leg was almost tame by comparison. Experiencing first-hand "open road" competitive cycling is a real eye-opener. Cyclists swoop through bends and down hills at high speed. Courage is the by-word to picking up minutes overall. Though





the terrain was tame, the commitment was not.

For the final section of the day, the competitors jumped into kayaks and canoes. The fastest paddlers went through in well under an hour, the slowest in triple that time.

At the end of the first day, two Sydney boys — Dave Hislop and Tim Gates — were leading by 17 minutes. In the combined teams the "Judean People's Front" were out in front by 40 minutes. And if you think that's a strange name, here's a few more: "Manic Spin", "Radical Wombats", "Lactic Legs", and the "Spirited Knights of Passion." Meanwhile, in the women's combined teams, "Frenzi'd Females" and "Wild Women" were in the midst of a torrid battle for second and third place.

Intense cold greeted competitors on the second day. Frozen puddles and frost-covered kayaks sent shivers through the hardiest. The cold took its toll. Some pulled out voluntarily, others involuntarily, the victims of hypothermia. The river boasted a number of wickedly smiling, gap-toothed rapids which crunched boats. Times between the top teams were very close over the 16-kilometre paddle, emphasising the importance of the running and cycling legs.

Only the first kilometre of the run was along the road. On leaving it, a chilly river had to be crossed. A full velocity dive was deemed the fastest way to cross. Then, off into the bush, soon followed by another river crossing. Some horrific hills followed, truly sorting out the pretenders. Support crews positioned themselves to spot their team as they broke into open farmland, racing ahead to encourage them over the last few metres to the change-over.

The last test on the last day was cycling along rough, potholed farm tracks and nasty, timber-slatted bridges. Luck played a large part in this section. A puncture could spell disaster. Even worse befell Andrew Hall, who was riding for the leading combined team. His front wheel caught in a bridge gap, sending him flying over the top. He was a mess of blood and broken teeth, and had lost first place.

Bikes fell apart in the rugged conditions. Handlebar stems snapped. Wheels crumpled. Frames and bolts sheared. Through it all the crowd began to buzz.

Snow, sweat and gears are just some of the elements of the Peregrine Winter Classic

About this time, the determination of the "ordinary folk" began to shine through. A gaunt, bony rider yelled to his partner, as he finally appeared, pushing his bike, at the top of a hill: "What's happened?"

"I've lost all steering. The frame's broken!"

"Get on my bike!"

"Why?"

"I'll run, you ride!"

"No, you ride, I'll run!"

"Get on, you idiot!"

"No, we'll take it in turns!"

With that, the fellow with the broken bike kicked off his riding shoes and started running up the road in his black socks, pushing his bike, his gaunt mate riding alongside. Ten kilometres to go, and only socks to run in. The crowd didn't know whether to laugh, cry or cheer. So they did all three.

Finally, when the dust on Omeo Main Street had cleared, the women's combined had been won by a group called "Lost and Found." Some local lads had made good in the juniors and the "Look-Nissan" team had stolen the open combined by point zero eight of a second. The Kiwi South team had made up 23 minutes. An incredible ride, but still four minutes short of winning. — *Andrew Barnes*

PRIME MOVER.

There's nothing subtle about the rear tyre on Suzuki's awesome GSX-R1100. It's the biggest rear tyre you can get on a production motorcycle.

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Thanks to the redesigned cylinder head the GSX-R1100 now churns out even more power and torque.

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RIDE IT RIGHT

OFFICIAL MOTORCYCLE SUPPLIER — 1991 AUSTRALIAN MOTORCYCLE G.P.

LOBSTER TALES

Remember when lobster thermidor was just the sign of a big night out at the local RSL? These days you have to be one of a dwindling number of filthy rich or a freebocrat journalist to get within heavy breathing distance of the Great One — the Lobster. No matter that pedants insist that the Australian variety is really a crayfish — it's lobster we crave. Unfortunately, given the current price of the crustacean, most of us have been forced to adopt the "amazed naturalist" approach to the object of our fading dreams.

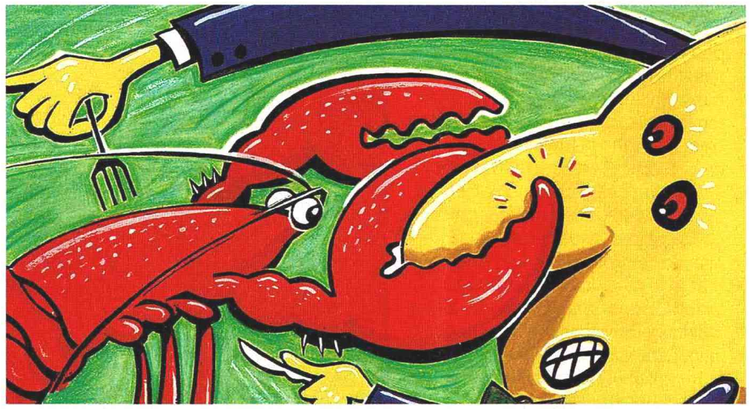


Illustration by Shane Summerton

For instance, did you know that lobsters moult 12 times in their first year alone? Did you know that it takes them seven years to reach sexual maturity? Did you know that lobsters are cannibals, devouring one another at the drop of a claw? Did you know that no-one fully understands why we haven't fished them into near extinction? Exhausting, isn't it?

During the early white settlement of America, lobsters were so plentiful that the settlers regarded them as inferior food. As the colonial period progressed, lobster became the meal for servants and slaves.

Gradually all that changed. As the lobster grew scarcer, it became prized. There doesn't seem to have been a particular time when the collective unconscious suddenly shifted and our relationship with the lobster redefined itself. But somehow, some way, the lovely bug was transformed into the most valued creature along the seashore. In Penola, South Australia, they boast the state's answer to the Big Pineapple — the Big Lobster — tailor-made for deification.

Ever wonder about a lobster's sex life? It's incredible. A female must reproduce within hours of moulting. She sends out a chemical scent to attract a male (it also tells him not to eat her — literally). The couple then dance around each other, passionately touching claws and antennae. The male turns the female on to her back, brings the first pair of his swimmerets together into a makeshift dick, and squirts his sperm into a receptacle on her underside. The female hangs on to the still living sperm for nine months, squeezes out the eggs and fertilises them as they pass. The downside for the lobster is that sexual maturity coincides with the legal weight for fishing.

Lobster doesn't carry fond memories for all. The *Sydney Morning Herald* had to pay out $156,703 for defamation when critic Leo Schofield used his acid pen to lambast what turned out to be the world's most expensive lobster dish in a Sydney restaurant. It took the *bon vivant* months to pluck up the courage to order lobster again.

Edmund Muskie, the former US Secretary of State and Senator for Maine, the lobster capital of the US, was particularly moved to write an article titled "The Only Foolproof Way to Hypnotize a Lobster" for the 1989 *Old Farmer's Almanac*. It contained such subtitles as "Getting to Know your Lobster" and "Putting your Lobster in a Trance." I'm not making this up.

Those interested in good food still buy their lobsters alive and whole. In this day and age, how many animals do we eat that we kill ourselves? I also have it on good authority (although I admit I have been unable to confirm it) that among his early pronouncements upon becoming Der Führer, Adolf Hitler gave specific instructions that lobsters be killed in a humane fashion before being eaten.

I can sympathise with Adolf here — he probably had a similar experience to mine. I remember vividly killing my first lobster for all the wrong reasons. I was doing a series of cooking classes and the teacher told us to nail the beast by placing a skewer between its eyes and banging down with the palm of the hand. Far from killing it, this technique made my meal hopping mad. He leapt right off the bench and stalked determinedly around the room. I knew what the Russian assassins felt like when they tried to kill Rasputin as the mad monk walked and talked his way through a knife attack, poisoned cakes and three bullets in the back before finally drowning.

After three attempts to break the brain cortex of "my lobster" without success, someone finally plunged it head-first into a vat of boiling water. I've bought cooked ones ever since and leave "fresh grilled lobster tails" to restaurant menus.

Perhaps we have such idiosyncratic reactions to lobster because it is "bilaterally symmetrical," as scientists say. That is, it possesses certain humanoid features. Stood on its tail, it has a body, arms and eyes. Oddly enough, female lobsters are broader at the "hip" (the better to carry eggs), while male lobsters are bigger at the "shoulder" (all the better for fighting). And, of course, the lobster is the only other creature on Earth that eats as much lobster as we do.

These days, you need a crust to afford the king of crustaceans

— *Elisabeth King*

BEST CASE SCENARIO

Norfolk Island. A Pacific island retreat, but not a destination that conjures up exotic visions of primordial experiences, nor of wild and reckless abandon in the Hibiscus Lounge culminating in a bedtime encounter with a checkout chick from Bankstown. That's not what Norfolk Island is about; it's about other things that are definitely — very definitely — worth looking at.

Travel brochures often use the word "Paradise" (might as well spell it with a capital P, like they do) to describe tropical Third World destinations which manage to present a facade of scenic magnificence and "natural" hospitality for the tourists while masking, as far as is humanly possible, the squalor of daily life for local people, the corruption of government and bureaucracy, the rotten underbelly of all developing countries. These places are patently not "Paradise" no matter how you want to spell it. There is no such place, of course — but I reckon Norfolk Island comes very close it.

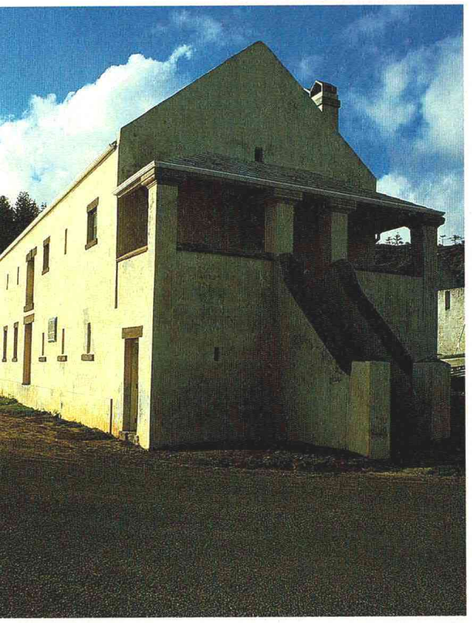
If you were to go to the top of Norfolk's highest peak, Mt Bates at 318 metres, and then you panned your video camera very slowly in a 360 degree arc, and then you freeze-framed every second of that video to study it, you'd find nothing that could not be described as beautiful.

Norfolk Island, a subtropical 3455 hectare volcanic outcrop lying on a parallel with Byron Bay, is *majestically* beautiful. It's not just the magnificent Norfolk Pines, rising to heights of 60 metres; not just the spectacularly rugged coastline with perfectly grassed knolls dropping sheer to crystal clear ocean; not just the undulating countryside, reminiscent of the "green and pleasant" land of English lore, and unfolding at every turn of the road a staggering new vista; and not just the classic Pacific island lagoon backdropped by the richly preserved historic convict settlement. It's all that — but the fact is that Norfolk Island looks as if it's constantly being maintained by an invisible army of landscape gardeners. There is nothing out of place here. The problem of litter, which plagues the majority of Pacific island retreats, is simply not in evidence. I spent a week combing the length (eight kilometres) and breadth (six kilometres) of this island and didn't spot a single scrap of paper.

That brings us to the next characteristic of what you might call Paradise. The reason there's no litter is that nobody, apart from the most cretinous fuckwit of a tourist, would do it. Why not? Because there is in this place a sense of community so strong and so profound, and such a degree of pride in the island's beauty among the local people, that to despoil it in any way would be unthinkable. That sense of community is everywhere abundant, and manifests itself in ways far too numerous to describe.

But let's list a few anyway, just to give you an idea. Nobody, but *nobody*, locks anything on Norfolk — houses, cars, whatever. People who care about each other as much as these people don't steal. There are three surfing spots on Norfolk — Anson Bay, Bumbora Rocks and Emily Bay. (Note for surfers: Norfolk gets good waves, particularly in summer, but a bit inconsistently. It's like the Sunshine Coast.) At each of these spots there are designated places to leave your surfboard when you've finished, so someone else can use it. A few months prior to my visit a local lady, heavily pregnant, was desperately in need of major surgery

Photos courtesy APL



On Norfolk Island they live life as it should be lived

which would cost $15,000. She had very little money. The community of 2000 people raised the cash in a matter of weeks.

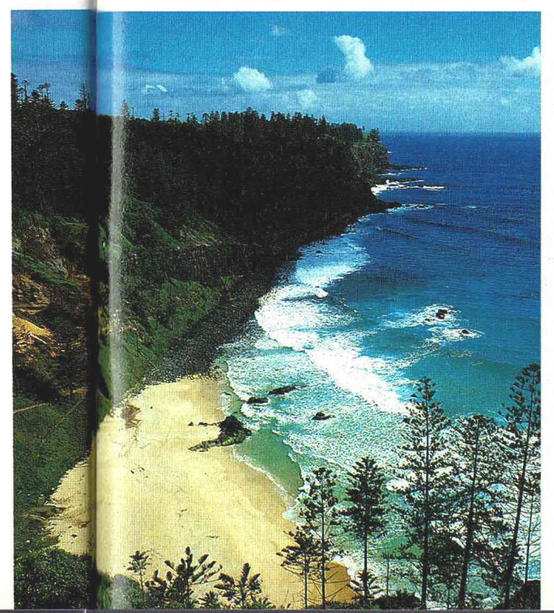
You notice little things on Norfolk that warm your heart. Most nights there's a "Sound And Light Show" down among the remains of the prison, with actors, tapes and theatrical lighting effects recreating the astonishing cruelty of the penal colony decades. I was at Norfolk in midwinter — average daytime maximum, 18 degrees; summer average is 27 — and there was a strong wind and drizzling rain the night I saw this show. And there was this very old man — the same man, bent with age, who'd served us tea and scones at his house during a break in the half-day bus tour — and here he was in this dismal weather, having his shirt ripped off his back prior to the simulated 100 lashes. Why does he do it? Does the poor old bugger need the money that badly? Not at all. In fact he's quite wealthy and does the show for nothing, because like everyone else he's so damn proud of his island and its extraordinary history. Simple as that.

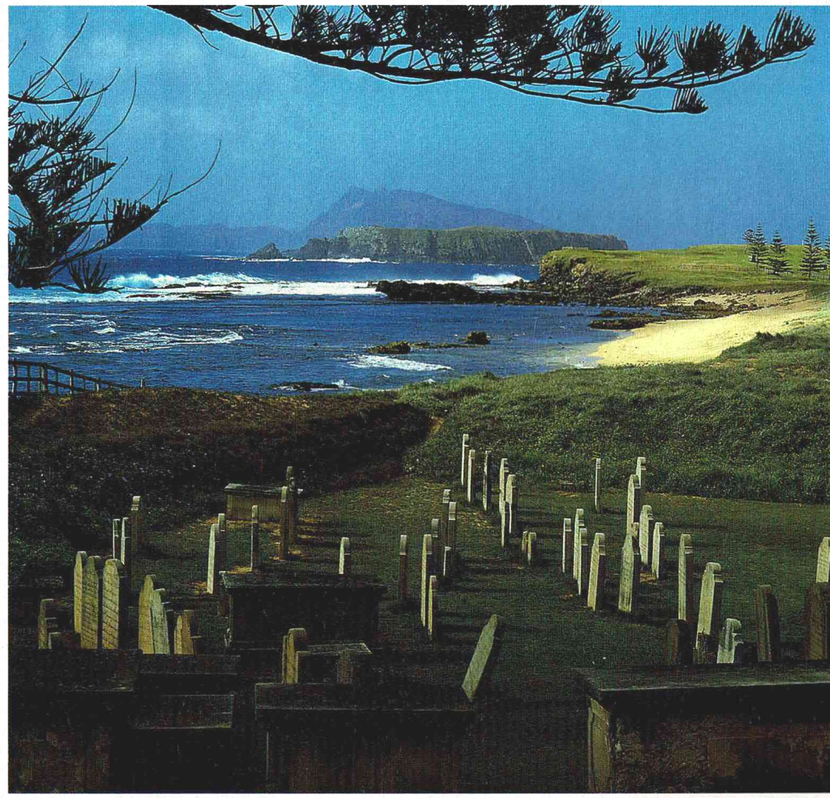
Paradise would have to consist of abundance. One night, at one of those classic Old Time English Music shows where they throw everyone together at a table for dinner, I dined with a retired man who'd spent a lifetime recreationally fishing the fished out waters around his home. He recalled, with tears welling in his eyes, the joy he'd had that morning — just fishing off a jetty and pulling ten trevally out of the water in the space of 20 minutes. The guys who operate fishing expeditions for tourists talk of using lines with three hooks and waiting for the third fish to jump on before hauling in; apocryphal, for sure, but an indication of just how much life there is in these waters.

There's no denying Norfolk is a pretty sedate and stately sort of affair — a place where most tourists fit squarely into the "newly wed or nearly dead" category. I'm not in either, but I reckon it would be a hard-hearted man or woman of any age who failed to be moved in some way by the sort of spirit that exists on this island.

So you don't just go to Norfolk Island because the scuba diving/snorkelling is about as good as it gets anywhere in the world; or because the shopping, particularly in luxury goods, is unbelievably cheap (in some cases you'll pay half the mainland price, because of the island's tax-free status); or because the golf course is among the most beautiful you'll ever see; or for any of the standard tourist activities, including the (genuinely) fascinating museums. To my way of thinking, there's another reason to go there, and that is to observe what life can be like, and how people can treat each other, in what comes very close to being the best of all possible worlds. — *Greg Hunter*

You can fly to Norfolk via Norfolk Airlines or Ansett Express, return ex-Sydney for $788, ex-Brisbane for $724. There are excellent packages available that will get you a week's accommodation for not much more on top.





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A TIME TO REFLECT.

FAVOURITE GLASSWARE CHILLED WITH ICE. THE 'GOLDEN NECTAR FROM SKYE' GENTLY CASCADING INTO THE NIGHT. REFLECTIONS OF GOOD TIMES SHARED.

TRADE MARK DRAMBUIE REGISTERED

POWDER BURNS

High unemployment levels, records set in the numbers of people going bankrupt, a shocking wool price. Boy, if things are crook at Tallarook, they're bloody worse at Bourke. So let's talk about skiing.

No, I'm not crazy. Besides, it's not going to last forever. Nothing does — certainly not hard times. Cheer up, old man, something'll turn up. What I'm leading up to is that I reckon this year — and maybe next year if the turnaround doesn't come this year as it's supposed to — will be a good one to get into skiing (as long as God does his bit and sends down plenty of snow, and Lennox Walker says he will); and next year too.

Should you buy into a ski lodge in a downhill economy?

Skiing is, as you probably know, hellishly expensive. At the bare minimum, just your lift tickets are $40 to $50 a day. Renting the gear — skis, boots, poles and maybe some outerwear — can save you outlay, cartage and the fear of looking *outre* on the chair lift. Although you should be careful with your hire stuff — some of it is so obvious that they may as well paint on the skis: "Rented by a first-class mug."

But the real killer is accommodation. I'm leafing through some brochures for Falls Creek, not the most expensive ski resort: shoulder season, $95, $110, $140 per person per day. Taking the family, plus your best friends? Here's a nice, not out of the ordinary, eight-bedroom apartment: $2800 for a week — or $3600 during the high season, July to September (when there might not even be snow).

Now, these prices were set earlier this year, even late last year. I suspect they may come down. There just isn't the big money around now that there was when many of these lodges were built. The big demand in the past two seasons has been for budget accommodation.

For keen skiers, there will be opportunities — and traps. These will come in the form of offers of more permanent accommodation in the snow. It is possible that club lodges, finding that older members are no longer active, will be looking further afield for new, active members.

Ski club membership should only be considered if it is really going to save you money; as a rule, it's worth it if you go skiing more than ten days a year. It's easy enough to work out: will the savings in accommodation be at least equivalent to the interest you could earn on the cost of club membership if you invested that money instead of buying the membership? If so, and you like the people already in the club, then grab it. Memberships are rarely available, recession or no.

But what are you buying into? Most ski clubs are non-profit organisations designed to give members the benefits of affordable skiing. There are clubs for the rich, the very rich, the ultra-rich and the not-so-rich. There are even clubs for the nowhere-near-rich. In all cases, you get what you pay for and pay for what you get, so don't go getting ideas above your (bank account) station, or it will hurt.

That's clubs. There are also commercial ventures, some of which are disguised as clubs or have taken on a club-style organisation because the developers are having trouble getting their money back. This is not necessarily bad, but it can be.

There have been quite a few new lodges built over the last decade, the owners of which are in financial trouble. The lodge may have been built for profit, or maybe just for the then rich, now poor, owner's pleasure. Normally in real estate, this can make for relative bargains. But because ski accommodation is sold on an informal timeshare basis, there could be a lot more — and less — than the buyer bargained for. For instance, you could be buying into a company that is going broke and, although your share gives security over the assets of the company, there may not be enough assets left after debt repayment to pay you your money back when the company does go belly up.

Or, to cover his over-the-top interest burden, the developer may sell more "memberships" than he would have liked to. A good ratio, the old hands say, is about four members per bed: three per bed can be better but if there are lots of older (and inactive) members then the club may have to hustle up more non-member guests to cover costs. More than four per bed and the members can strike trouble getting bookings when they want them.

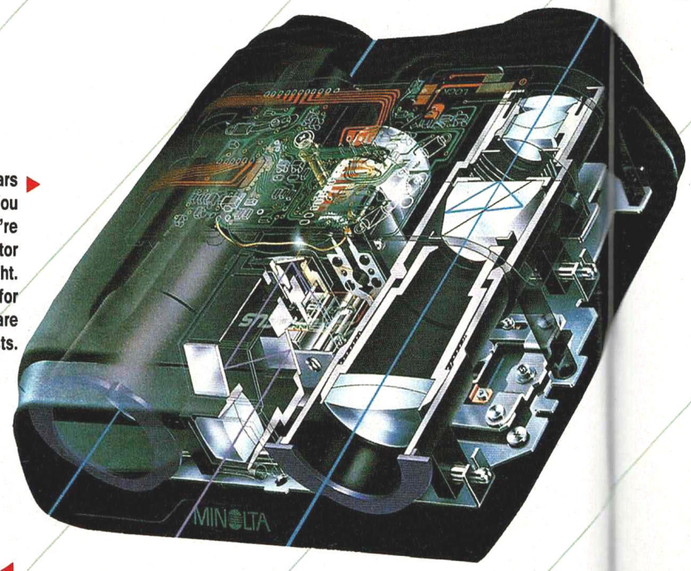
Illustration by Skye Rogers

Simply, look at the figures. It's possible to buy (when they are available, which is not often) a membership in a good club for $1000. Five or six grand will get you into the top resorts within cooee of the lifts and all profits, if any, go back into the lodge (and not into some salesman's pocket). You can pay more, but I'd expect gold-plated taps etc, the necessity of which escapes me. But I wouldn't pay $17,000, like some are asking. Why? Simply because it's not worth it. — *David Quicksilver*

FRONT

If you still like twiddling with knobs, the NAD people have just the sound system for you. There's an extensive range of components, styled for those who don't want a loungeroom resembling NASA mission control. A suggested combination is the Model 2600A power amplifier (capable of delivering up to 600 watts per channel), the Model 1300 preamp (which offers Class A fidelity) and the NAD 5100 CD player. This employs four times oversampling and 18-bit digital processing to deliver sound more crystal-clear than Waterford. Prices vary according to systems, but the emphasis is on affordability. More details from W.C. Wedderspoon in Sydney.

Goof-proofing taken to extremes. When you hold Minolta's Riva Zoom 105i up to your eye, tiny sensors switch it on automatically. From this point on, all the Zoom 105i's functions are handled by the camera's microchip brain. It will even compose the picture for you — zooming the lens automatically to give the desired framing (no more accidental amputations). The unusual body styling allows a long range 35-105mm power zoom to be incorporated in a compact package which also includes built-in flash and motorised film transport. A binocular-type grip makes for comfortable and balanced styling. The bottom line is $720 and distributor Kayell Photographics will be happy to list your local Minolta dealers.



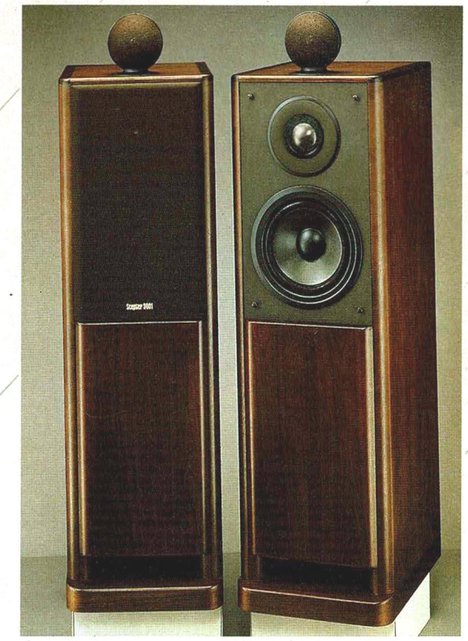
From the Why Didn't Someone Think Of It Earlier department. Binoculars which focus automatically have just been introduced by Minolta. You simply point them at the subject, press a button and within seconds you're perving at a pinsharp close-up. Despite incorporating an autofocus motor and a battery, the binoculars are remarkably compact and lightweight. There are two models, with the more powerful 10x25s a good choice for sports (moving subjects are tracked automatically), while the 8x22s are handy for open-air events and the theatre. From all good Minolta stockists.

Designed to rattle the foundations more effectively than an errant Scud missile, Sanyo's SF6 sound system produces 550 watts of peak music power and employs a separate amplifier to drive the bass loudspeakers. Despite the big sound, the system is extremely compact and can be located on a bookshelf with the high/mid frequency speakers positioned separately to suit the size and acoustics of the venue. Source components comprise a twin cassette deck and a CD player with a synchronising function for recording from the latter. Sanyo's big boom boxes cost $1899.

Discos with DAT. Sony's latest "personal portable" tape player is compatible with the new DAT (digital audio tape) format, which means it delivers a sound quality comparable to compact disc. It's possible to record and replay up to four hours of quality sound on an ultra-compact DAT cassette, while the TCD-D3 Walkman itself weighs just 420g and rests snugly in the palm of your hand. The unit's battery pack gives two hours of playing time and when not on the move, the DAT Walkman can add a digital recording facility to your home hi-fi system. At $2000 it's not cheap, but then the best things in life rarely are.

Every home should have one. At least, Ricoh thinks so when the product in question is its personal fax machine. Two models have just been introduced and both are compact machines designed for home use. Common features include a five-page automatic feeder, auto redial, timer facility and a halftone mode for transmitting photographs. Additionally, the Ricoh FAX09 has a 128 KByte memory which enables it to store up to seven pages. This also allows it to receive in-coming documents even after the paper roll has run out. Both the 09 and FAX08 can transmit an A4 page to anywhere in the world in 20 seconds. Ricoh fax machines are distributed by DBE Australia.

They look good and sound even better. Onkyo's elegant Scepter 3001 loudspeakers employ a labyrinth design and are vented to give an increased bass "presence" (audio jargon for "knee-trembling"). High frequency sounds are delivered by an externally located dome tweeter which improves dispersion and ensures that what you hear is clean, crisp and vibrant. The Scepter 3001 speakers each handle from 60 to 250 watts of power and the cabinets are finished in hand-rubbed solid walnut with (according to the blurb) an extremely thick baffle. Available from Audio Insight at a cool $9000 a pair.



Nikon's new F-801s is a serious bit of photographic kit. Next stop is a full-blown professional model, but for a lot less money the F-801s offers plenty of pro features and some impressive vital statistics. Sophisticated autofocusing can track moving subjects while the exposure control facilities are extensive enough to cope with the trickiest of lighting. Among the creative options are a spot meter, a top shutter speed of 1/8000 second (that's fast) and a motordrive which fires off 3.3 frames in a second. Around $1500 (with a 36-70mm zoom) from Maxwell Optical Industries.

SIX APPEAL

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Dr Bob Montgomery is a clinical psychologist with a Melbourne-based consultancy. He is the author of several self-help books and is a regular guest on a variety of radio and TV programs.

Let it all hang out

There's nothing poofy about expressing your feelings

One of the most common complaints I hear from women in marital therapy is that their husbands never tell them how they *feel*. Australian men are often said to be suffering from emotional constipation, with all their feelings bottled up inside. They certainly don't share their feelings, as a rule, very skilfully.

There are two explanations. First, there's the double standard upbringing most males have had: "Big boys don't cry" and "Don't be a sissy." From an early age, men have been encouraged to hide their feelings of distress because to show them is regarded as a sign of weakness or femininity.

It's sort of okay to show some good feelings, although not too much (unless you are a victorious sportsman, in which case you can even hug other men). And it's okay to show anger because that's associated with aggression, which is a popularly acceptable part of masculinity. But to show you're hurt or unhappy means you're a wimp, while to show affection (unless it's a prelude to sex) or caring would probably mean you're queer.

The second reason is our Anglo-Saxon heritage of the stiff upper lip. Open displays of emotion are simply not on, old chap, unless you are a woman and therefore inclined to be neurotic, anyway, or a foreigner and therefore inclined to be peculiar. But a proper person, especially a gentleman, will keep his feelings private.

Given such influences, it's not surprising that many men find it difficult to acknowledge their feelings. Often when I ask a man in therapy how he felt in some situation, he will tell me what he was thinking: "I felt she was putting me down." When I point out that he has actually told me his thoughts and I really want to know his feelings, many men find it difficult to describe their emotions. These men are not even able to accurately report their feelings to themselves, let alone anyone else. But does it matter? Yes, it does. Emotional constipation is bad for your relationships, your health and your performance, including your work performance.

The belief that it's desirable or manly to keep your feelings to yourself is based on the false assumption that you have that choice. You don't. Most of your feelings are expressed non-verbally, by your facial expression, your body language, and by how you talk as much as what you say. In fact, from 60 to 90 percent of your feelings are expressed non-verbally. Whether you like it or not, you give off the vibes and other people will pick them up. You can share them confusingly, by saying through gritted teeth, "I feel fine." Or you can share them aggressively by blaming others for how you feel: "You're making me angry." Or you can share them constructively, which I'll explain shortly. But you *will* share your feelings.

When you give off the vibe that you feel bad but you say nothing about it, you actually send two messages. One, I feel bad. But two, we can't talk about that. That simply strains your relationships unnecessarily,

> "Emotional constipation is bad for your relationships, your health and your performance."

especially since most people picking up your vibes will assume that you feel worse than you do and that you feel bad about them. Then they'll react to you in terms of their guess: "What's wrong with you, crabby? What have I done this time?" You can avoid a lot of unnecessary misunderstanding and strain in your relationships if you accept that you are going to share your feelings so you might as well do it skilfully.

Try this experiment. Say out loud, quietly and calmly: "Let's paint it green." Sounds like the solution to a problem, doesn't it? Imagine yourself receiving that message so that you could consider it thoughtfully. Now say it again, but this time pretend you are very angry and say it loudly and aggressively. Imagine yourself receiving that message and imagine how you would feel. You're not going to paint anything green. You're going to duck. Or shout back.

The verbal content of the message was the same both times, but the emotional content was quite different. People often make statements that appear to be problem-solving but are really unskilful expressions of feelings. What the recipient will react to is the emotional message, rather than the verbal message, and your problem-solving has collapsed. The basic rule of thumb is to deal with any strong feelings in the situation before you try problem-solving. So, how do you do that?

Levelling is the skill of sharing feelings constructively. If your feelings come from outside this relationship — they're not caused by the person you're talking to — just announce them: "Hi, dear. I had a dreadful day at work. I'm feeling really hassled."

If your feelings come from inside this relationship — they're caused by the person you're talking to — level with an X-Y-Z statement. "When you did X the effect on me was Y and I felt Z." Like: "When you didn't pass on that message, I missed out on a sale and I'm angry with you."

Levelling feels awkward while you're mastering it, but it's the most effective way of sharing your feelings with people in your life. Remember, you *will* share your feelings, whether you want to or not. So share them skilfully.

Sex is one commodity the Soviets never had to queue for

RED-RAW

BY JOHN BAXTER

ILLUSTRATION BY MARK SOFILAS

It was a hell of a party. The host's parents had left their apartment to spend summer in the country, and he'd invited friends over to celebrate his "liberation." There was grog galore and plenty of food. But what made the party memorable was the entertainment. To liven things up, six pretty hookers had been hired for the night.

One game involved a long table and six bowls each brimming with half a litre of neat vodka. When the police arrived, alerted by the noise, the girls were bent, naked, over the table, hands behind their backs, lapping the booze, while six boys screwed them and the rest urged the competing couples on.

It sounds like a movie. Another *Animal House* or maybe *Risky Business II*? Set, of course, in some playground of the rich. Wrong on all counts. The party took place not in Hollywood, Knightsbridge or Surfers Paradise, but in Moscow, capital of what is, traditionally, the most repressed society on Earth.

We all know the mythology. Russian condoms are so rugged they're called "galoshes." Moscow hotel rooms have a bug in every vase (not to mention those in

your bed) and anyone who smiles at you is probably a KGB fink. If you commit any indiscretion, you'll end up on *Very Candid Camera Indeed*, with stills mailed to ASIO, the *Sydney Morning Herald* and your wife.

How much of the image is fact? Very little, it's turning out. Published accounts of wild times, like that of the Moscow party, are rare, it's true. (This one would never have hit *Pravda* had not the boys, all students at Moscow's Institute of Road-Building, been the sons of a KGB colonel, a judge, an editor, a Party official and a well-known composer.) But as the Berlin Wall crumbled, foreign businessmen sticking their noses around doors of nations cut off from capitalism for almost 40 years found much they didn't expect. While we huddled on our side of the Brandenburg Gate, relying for information on John Le Carré and Len Deighton, graft, vice and high living went on regardless in Hungary, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Romania, Bulgaria and especially in the USSR.

The vision of Eastern Europe as dour, conservative, deeply committed to socialism and totally hostile to the West didn't outlive the fall of the Berlin Wall in November, 1989. Startled reporters arriving to film the collapse found they'd been beaten to it by a British advertising agency. Plastered along the communist side was the message "Saatchi and Saatchi first over the Wall." East Germany quickly got the idea. Within a month, billboards at Checkpoint Charlie that once warned visitors to halt or risk a bullet were blossoming with ads for American cigarettes. The East German Government — what remained of it — had rented the space to raise much-needed cash.

Advertisers smelled a killing. Western Europe's market of 320 million was saturated. But east of the Wall were 420 million virgin consumers eager, it was hoped, to buy Levi 501s, Lacoste shirts and Reeboks, shove Big Macs into their mouths, wash them down with Coke and mop up the residue with the best toilet tissue money could buy.

The East was bombarded by a style of advertising — brash, shrill and, above all, sexually explicit — that it hadn't seen since the Thirties. And the easterners seemed to be responding. West Berlin branches of Beate Uhse, the porn and marital aid chain, noted a growing trickle of clients from the other side of the Wall, and sniffed a boom in the making.

By Christmas, half the businesses in Europe were alive to eastern promise. Everyone from Heineken to Lego featured the Wall in their ads. Having vowed never to perform its rock opera *The Wall* again while the barrier still stood, Pink Floyd quickly staged a recorded-for-cassette performance as bulldozers joyously smashed a few hundred metres flat for the cameras. McDonalds had already busted into Russia by opening a Moscow branch in Pushkin Square. Now they were followed by Pizza Hut, Baskin & Robbins ice cream and dozens more western companies. In every case, metal crash barriers were hastily erected to control the crowds. Giant Ultravision electronic billboards went up all over Moscow, ready to blast advertising into every corner of the capital.

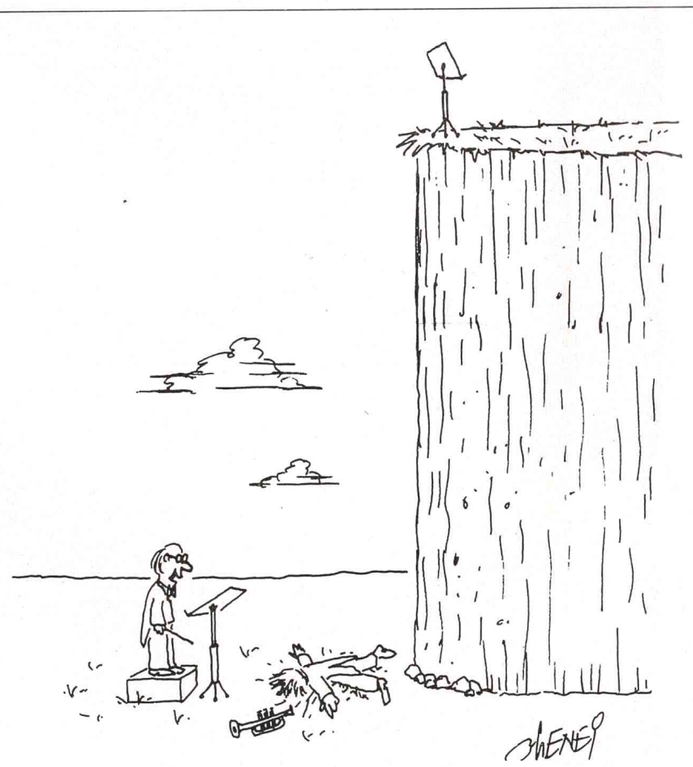
Back in Berlin, while the German Democratic Republic bundled union with the West through the Bundestag, every East German was allowed 300 western Deutschmarks to spend. The sex shops of West Berlin stocked up, brothels cancelled annual leave and streetwalkers of both sexes prepared for a flood of randy easterners, desperate for relief.

They were disappointed. Beate Uhse reported big sales of hard-core magazines and videos, but this soon faded as the novelty wore off. As for the real thing, the market was soggy. Who, with only 300DM to spend, was going to waste 25DM of it on a blowjob from one of the girls cruising Potsdammer Strasse? Even the 5DM rough trade of the side-streets — bulky Polish ladies who'd migrated two years before and found West Berlin something less than an economic miracle — attracted few clients. The easterners had their equivalent back home, and cheaper.

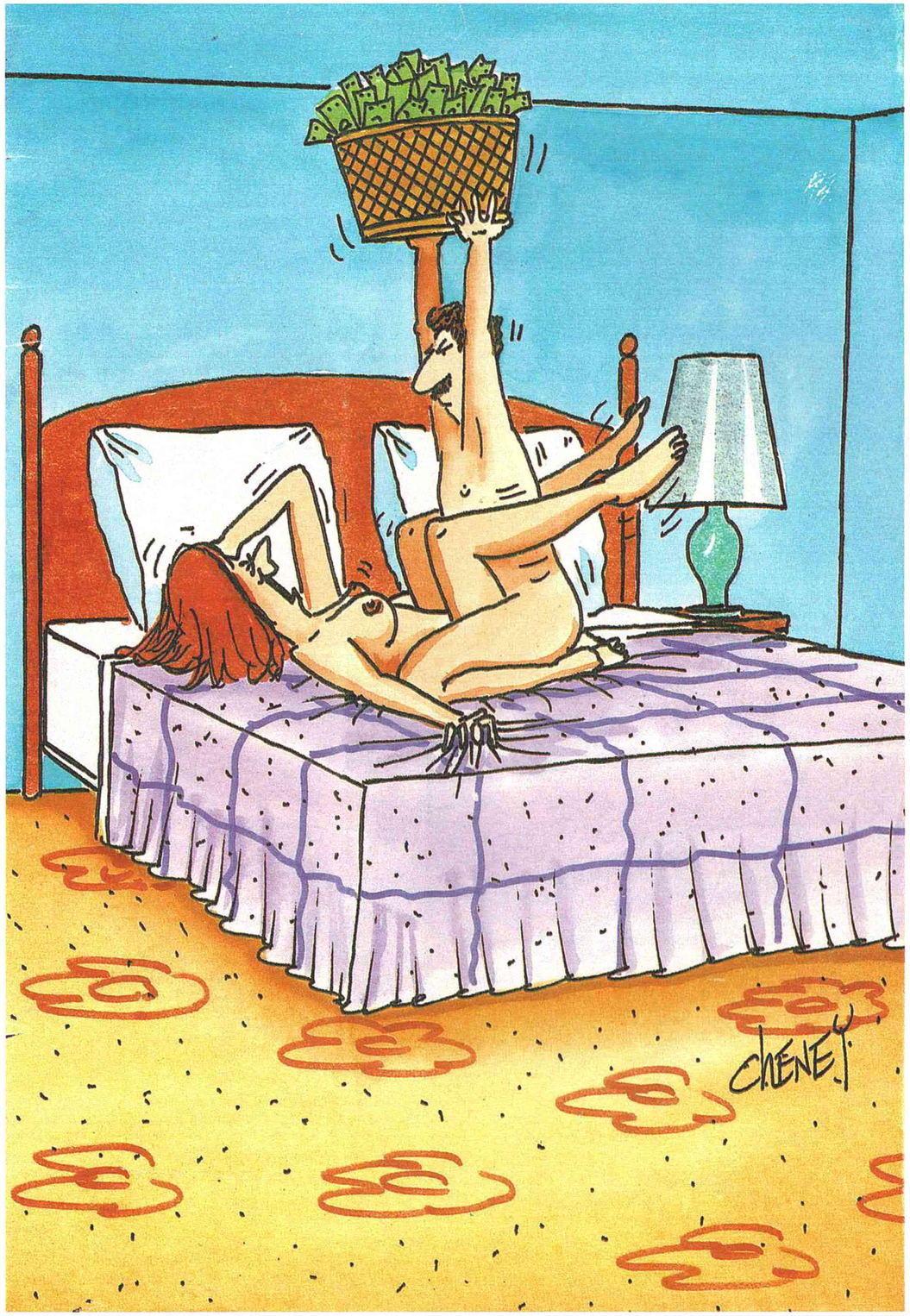
West Berlin's gays also suffered a letdown. Among the guys with all the zippers holding up the bar of the Altberliner Bierstuben on Schonhauser-Allee, there was the general feeling that they'd been sold a pup. "Migrant gays from the East?" one man said doubtfully in Berlin's biggest homosexual bookshop. "I must be meeting some, but I don't recognise them as such."

It's understandable. Gays didn't have all that hard a time of it in East Germany. The Ministry of Education was even officially directed to defend gay teachers when parents demanded they be sacked. True, one writer, part of a group raiding the Magdebourg HQ of the STASI secret police in the first heady days of the collapse, did find his own dossier in the files, complete with intercepted letters, photographs and an arrest warrant already made out. But his offence was more political than sexual. In general, eastern gays were not so harassed or discriminated against that they needed to flee west.

Porn, too, was far from unknown under Communism. East German TV, recognising that party-line TV couldn't compete with *Dynasty* and American sitcoms beamed from West Berlin, mixed its propaganda with some lively stuff, including erotic movies. A Berlin correspondent laments that now everyone will be stuck with the West's "boring chat shows, Bavarian song spectaculars and second-rate movies from the Fifties and Sixties" instead of brusque East German



"Not bad . . . let's take it one more time, from the top."



"Now Mr Melish, now . . . dump the money on me!"

investigative shows like *Elf 99* and *AK 2*, and the nightly dose of soft-core.

East Berliners also showed surprising sophistication when it came to other western institutions. "Why are there no bank robbers in East Germany?" ran an Eighties joke. "Because there's a ten-year waiting list to buy a getaway car." Hoods no longer needed to rely on the sewing-machine engines and plastic bodywork of East Germany's official car, the Trabant, which was easily caught by the cops' speedier Ladas. Now they could steal a Mercedes from the West. Result: a rash of bank jobs in East Germany.

Eastern hold-up men, however, had something to learn. One ran off with 200,000 marks from a Strausberg bank, only to find he'd scored the old, worthless eastern kind. Another gang loaded cash into plastic bags clearly marked with the name of their home-town department store. The satirical weekly *Das Blatt* published some hints for bandits: "Don't use your grandmother's stocking as a mask — they'll think you're an amateur. And don't feel guilty about jumping queues. You have to show them you mean business."

Even the STASI, the secret police, showed a lively understanding of what a Mark is worth. Their Leipzig office is now a labor exchange, but the canteen has become the Palatine Court Restaurant, where you can eat *bratwurst* and chips under murals of red stars, hammers and sickles. Its secret Engineering Factory For Special Device Construction in Berlin's Lenin-Allee has also been turned around. Once, 2000 workers fed an insatiable demand for surveillance equipment. Now they make hearing aids. Are they any good? "Sure," said one technician, deadpan. "Not only do they help you hear — you can pick up what the man three doors down is hearing as well."

Move further east and you find a similarly firm grasp of capitalism. If you are an American millionaire in search of roots, plenty of German, Czech and Polish aristocrats are eager to sell you their titles and their castles, cheap. None of that National Trust nonsense here. Romania is refurbishing its Black Sea resort of Tomis, the playground of dictator Nicolae Ceausescu, who kept his four yachts moored at the marina there, and its vast rococo casino, copied from that at Monte Carlo, is just about ready for business. And in Yugoslavia, the first brothel to open legally since World War II has started business in Banjaluka, west of Belgrade. Proprietor Ilija Vucic hung out the traditional red lamp in March 1990, with six girls. Since then, he says, he's had applications from 360 more.

In Czechoslovakia, almost from the moment dissident playwright Vaclav Havel took over as head of the new liberal government, the climate of repression began to thaw, often in bizarre ways. American rocker Frank Zappa, founder of the Mothers of Invention, attended Havel's inauguration. Zappa's record covers once featured him in drag or perching nude on a lavatory, but these days he's the millionaire head of Barking Pumpkin Records, BarfkosSwill Merchandising and Why Not? Enterprises. Havel, a great admirer of Zappa's album *Bongo Fury*, promptly appointed him Czechoslovakia's first Trade and Culture Emissary.

To celebrate Havel's victory, the writers and artists who hung out at one of Prague's official Houses of Culture decided to throw a party which would include a stripper. Such capitalist exhibitions were forbidden by the old regime, but the Ministry of Culture did offer its official list of peelers. It wasn't much use, since there were only three names and it was 21 years old.

The list is longer now. Even before the inauguration, Paris's Madison model agency was in Prague, rounding up 18 to 25-year-olds for a beauty contest. Thousands applied. The three winners, who had been working as teachers or hairdressers, all got modelling contracts. The runners-up flooded into a market starved for decades of anything but Soviet-style sanitised sex.

Of all the countries of Eastern Europe, none seemed more cut off, more repressed, than the Soviet Union itself. The visitor to Moscow was numbed by the humorlessness of everything, from the vast, spotless marble halls of the Metro to the "matrons", squat as refrigerators, who guard every floor of its hotels. Moscow before *glasnost* was like a gigantic Melbourne, freeze-dried at 1948.

Traditionally, Russia for tourists was a minefield. One manual on KGB dirty tricks warned that the foreign visitor's hotel room probably contained "not only the standard microphones and television cameras but also infra-red cameras that can record his actions in the dark. Some rooms and even railway sleeping cars contain ducts for the introduction of vapors." The KGB also had a powder which, when dusted in your pockets and on your shoes, would, it was claimed, betray what letters you wrote, where you went and what (or who) you touched. After a diet of this propaganda, tourists jumped a metre if a Muscovite even asked the time.

It wasn't all Cold War paranoia. There have been blackmail scandals. And undoubtedly many Eastern Bloc hotels were bugged. Mobs breaking into Bucharest's Intercontinental after Ceausescu's fall found three entire floors equipped for sound and video. Moscow's westerners-only hotels like the Rossiya, Party, Savoy and Belgrad are as thoroughly wired as the new US Embassy, which was so

Continued on page 81

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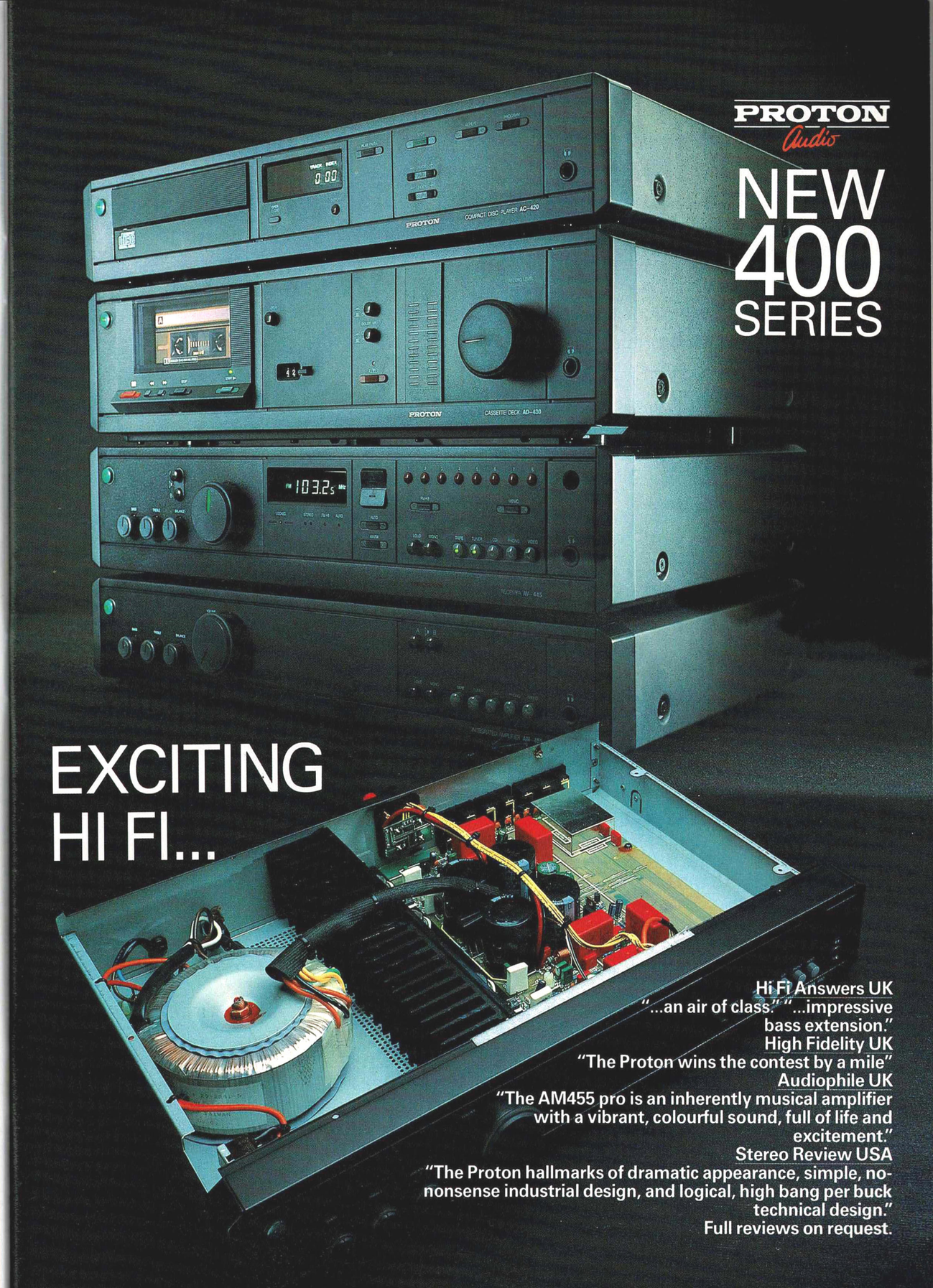
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Staci LaNae, 22, enjoys being a lady of leisure. "Not that I am really, of course," she says. "I just like to imagine I am." Staci works as a model, but she's recently started her own business designing clothes.

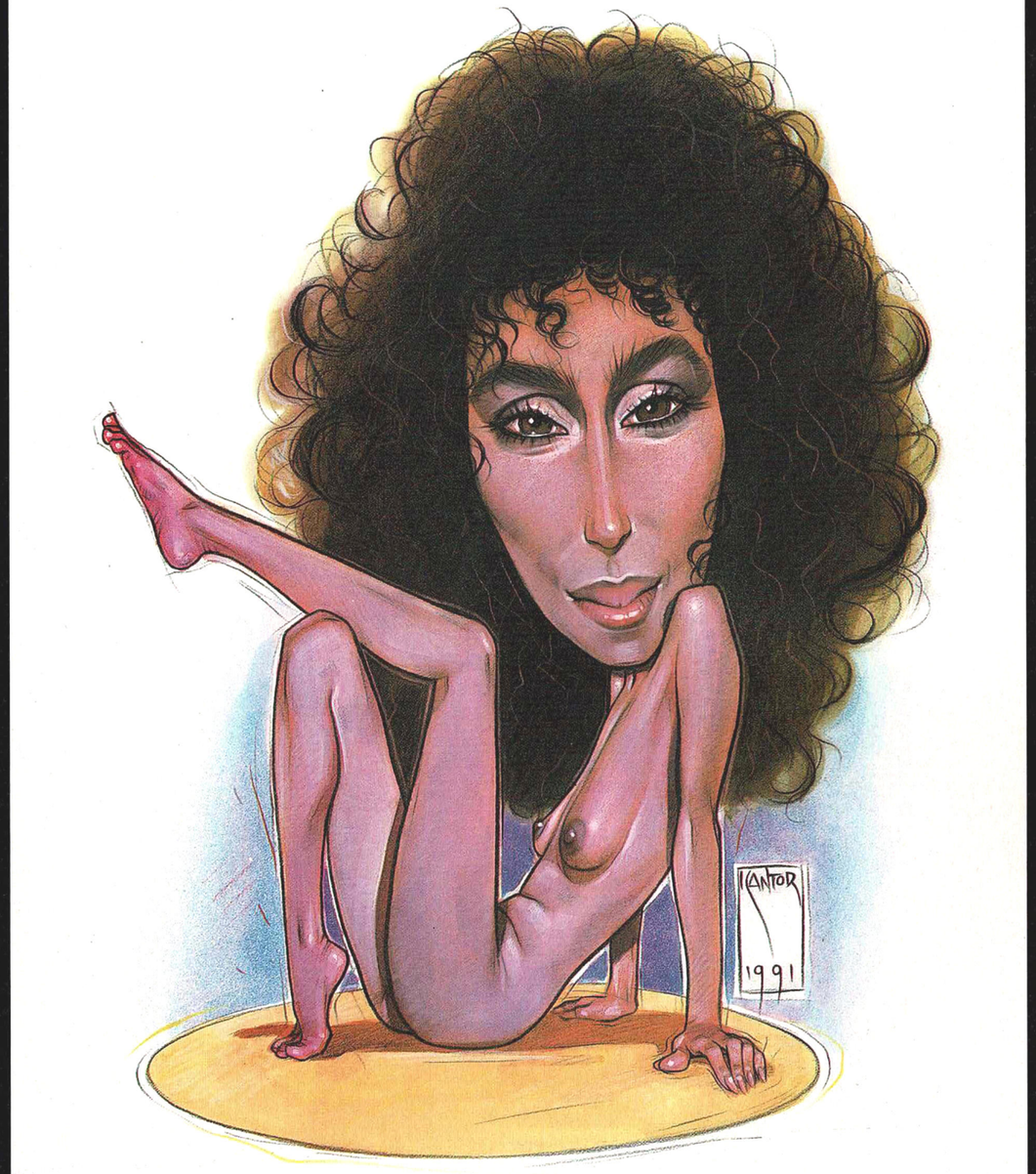
PHOTOGRAPHY BY HANK LONDONER

LADY of LEISURE

"I'm very creative, and a bit driven," Staci admits. "I have to force myself to sit down and relax. Of course, when you're as busy as I am, the idea of lazing around with nothing to do all day is very enticing."

Staci says she is a quiet Scorpio with deep, moody undercurrents. "Usually I keep pretty cool," she says. "Except when I'm under the covers with my favorite man." What sort of men does she prefer? Staci laughs. "Successful, self-motivated, active. Men like that are always sexy, aren't they?"

KANTOR'S



CELEBRITY SKINS

Cher

Australian-made cars are making the imports look better all the time

THE FAULT LINE

Australia's five motor vehicle manufacturers have a problem: try as they might, they can't produce a car capable of competing with the class acts of the global auto industry, Japan and Germany. What's more, there is little chance that the Aussies will ever really lift their game. In the key areas of vehicle design and build quality, Australia is defiantly mediocre. At best, Australian cars can just match the assembly and finish levels of the auto plants of Italy and Great Britain. Believe it — this is not a stunning achievement.

A disgruntled Sydney cabbie, threatening to sue Ford Australia for loss of income, reports that his EA Falcon taxi was off the road for a total of 30 days during his first four months of ownership.

It could be an indictment of Australian consumers that the two best-selling cars in the nation are, according to the most recent independent quality surveys available, the most fault-prone.

During the first 18 months of its life, Ford's EA model Falcon was bedevilled with reliability problems and assembly faults. Just about every owner had a tale of woe to relate. It was not a grand way of

BY PETER McKAY

ILLUSTRATION BY VICTOR TERLETZKY

FAULT LINE

bringing a car to market. In recent months, though, the Falcon has shown the benefits of a concerted drive to banish the bogies. Today it's way better than it has ever been.

Holden enjoyed a smoother, less distressing honeymoon with its new VN Commodore, which soon overtook the troublesome Falcon to assume the number one spot. But Holden struck difficulties when the plant was fully extended to meet the high demand for Commodores. Quality fell right away in 1990 when workers came under pressure to keep the sausage machine running at full tilt.

A brand new VN Commodore was steering "strangely", its front wheels flopping around during cornering. A dealership service department discovered the reason for the crazy wheel angles: someone on the assembly line had fitted a grossly undersized locating bolt to the steering rack, allowing the rack to wander.

The difficulties confronting the local industry are many and varied, although there are probably only two fundamental problems — our tiny market and the Australian lifestyle.

The local car manufacturing industry needs a massive injection of capital in plant and equipment to bring it into the Nineties. But the domestic car makers don't make sufficient money (last year only Holden finished in the black) to invest in technology, and the parent companies have trouble justifying pumping large amounts of money into such a small market. Our biggest-selling car last year was the Holden Commodore (also rebadged and sold as the Lexcen out of Toyota showrooms) with 73,000 sales, plus a few more exported to New Zealand.

Patently, we have too many local producers for a nation of just 17 million. They're fighting over a share of a cupcake. Last year, 617,000 motor vehicles were sold in Australia. This year numbers will fall to around 550,000. The reality is that while our population is creeping upward, new car sales are not keeping pace with that growth. Our car park is aging; today more than 50 percent of all vehicles on our roads are more than ten years old, which raises obvious environmental and safety questions.

Australian motorists are not renewing their cars as frequently as they did, and when they do, they prefer to spend their money on an import.

The sad fact of life is that Australian cars cost too much and, more upsetting, have too many faults — particularly when compared to Japanese-made models. Our car plants and equipment lack the expensive precision robotry and sophisticated paint shops commonplace in Japan and Germany.

But our biggest quality hurdle is the perfunctory attitude of car industry workers. For the vast majority, the assembly line is nothing more than a brief stopover en route to the beach, or a more interesting job driving a cab or wheeling a truck. The turnover of blue-collar workers is horrendous — something around 35 percent a year. In Japan it runs between three and four percent.

So, with no ambition and no plans to collect long-service pay, Aussie car plant workers are not the last word in energy and enterprise, although it should be mentioned that some plants (usually those with a predominantly Asian workforce) are better than others (largely employing European migrants).

The original Mitsubishi Magna, winner of more car awards than any other local model, was widely praised for its suppression of noise and harshness. But it wasn't an unqualified success in other areas. Criticism of its automatic transmission dogged it for much of its life. And Mitsubishi also had to deal with split engine blocks and rust in the turret, two faults that were eventually dialled out after design changes.

Motoring expert Phil Scott, the editor of *Wheels* magazine, believes our problems are rooted in traditional Australian attitudes: "The trouble with Australians, even those without any skills, is they think they're too good to work on a car assembly line."

Our production rate, inhibited by low levels of automation and a labor force that hardly stays around long enough to learn to bolt cars together efficiently, is barely 50 percent of that reached by Japan and the US.

While acknowledging that Australia trails the world on automation, *Wheels*' Scott insists people rather than equipment are holding back our industry. "Robots are not the cure for crook quality. Fiat's plants have a high degree of automation, but the quality is still shocking. The human element is letting Fiat down, just as it is letting down the local car makers."

Don't get the idea that the local industry isn't trying hard to cure its ills. It has lifted its game in areas it was deficient in, specifically paint finish, but we still lag a long way behind the accepted benchmarks. Miraculously, quality standards in Japan and some European countries keep improving.

A couple of incidents soon after the introduction of the Toyota Camry in 1987 brought Australian assembly line quality into focus. First one Camry and then another threw con rods out the side of the engine block and then caught on fire when the errant pieces of metal pierced the

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FAULT LINE

catalytic converter. Toyota moved swiftly to smarten up quality and today the Camry is one of the rare beacons among Australian cars.

In the past, motorists have accepted poorer build and paint quality in their local cars because they believed the vehicles were suited to Australia's tough environment and were, in the main, solid and reliable.

The popular Holdens and Ford Falcons of the Sixties and early Seventies attracted buyers because they were perceived as being engineered for Australia and represented good value. Our trouble really started when Japan got its carmaking act together. The tin cans that we laughed at in the Seventies were replaced by a new generation of Japanese motor vehicles — cleverly designed, beautifully built and finished, strong, reliable, laden with standard extras, and with the most attractive feature of all: value for money.

The strong — some say mindless — work ethic of the Japanese has certainly been a big factor in Japan's takeover of the global auto industry. But personal pride, along with company loyalty, are also evident in the modern factories of Japan. Strikes are virtually unheard of; in Australia they cost the industry hundreds of thousands of man-hours each year.

But the lessons of Japan can be learned in the West. Japanese assembly line philosophies and practices have been introduced successfully into vehicle manufacturing in the United States. The US, the biggest vehicle market on Earth, recognised the need to reform or else be swamped by the invaders from the East. Australia's industry, also fighting for survival, doesn't have the money nor the market to put itself through a major overhaul. A big export business would be a boost, but in truth many discerning markets would not accept our mediocre standards of quality.

Certainly not as discriminating as the very picky Japanese car buyers are the Americans, who've been buying the Aussie-made imported Mercury Capri at the rate of 30,000 a year. It's to be hoped that quality levels of the US car are higher than some examples sighted locally.

It's not always the direct fault of the car maker. Many of the estimated 20,000 components for the average family car come from outside suppliers facing the same problems of worker attitudes, substandard equipment and truculent unions. It's no coincidence that the local cars with the most faults, Commodore and Falcon, have the highest local content.

At the launch of the current Nissan Pulsar in 1987, motoring writers detected significant differences in the suspensions of allegedly identical cars. Nissan then conceded that its shock absorber supplier, Monroe, could not guarantee uniformity of damper rates in its products. Variations ranged as much as 20 percent — unacceptable anywhere else in the world except eastern Europe. Nissan also had another parcel of ongoing dramas with the Skyline differentials supplied by local transmission manufacturer, BTR Engineering. They growled louder than the aggrieved owners. Monroe and BTR enjoy monopolies in their respective fields.

Knowing the Japanese would accept nothing but the highest standards of build and finish, Mitsubishi Australia signed a deal to export its Magna wagon to Japan. Only 30 cars a month were involved, but the rationale behind the move was to force the Adelaide plant to lift its quality levels to export levels. A joint quality audit to Japanese export standard quickly revealed the gap between Japanese and Australian standards. The Japanese identified 62 separate shortcomings needing rectification before they would accept the Magna wagon. The problems ranged from rearview mirror adjustment (easily fixed) to dirty paint (a hard one to improve, as Mitsubishi had only three years earlier in-

Continued on page 82

Oscar, an interior designer, had a Monday afternoon appointment at a flat in the city. Julie met him at the door. "You see?" she said, gesturing around. "I've just bought this place and the decor is horrible." Oscar had several suggestions to make as to how to improve Julie's flat.

INTERIORS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JO HAMMAR

"We could start by christening the place," Julie suggested. At first Oscar was startled, but he decided it would help him discover the underlying character needed for the new design. As Julie got his temperature rising, flashes of inspiration burst into his brain. "Eggshell blue paint, do you think?" he breathed. "Anything you like!" came the reply.

Oscar and Julie spent most of the afternoon feverishly exploring the options. By the time they were done, Oscar had a good idea of what would suit Julie best, and she was in complete accord with his ideas. All the same, they decided he'd have to come back later in the week to have another look.

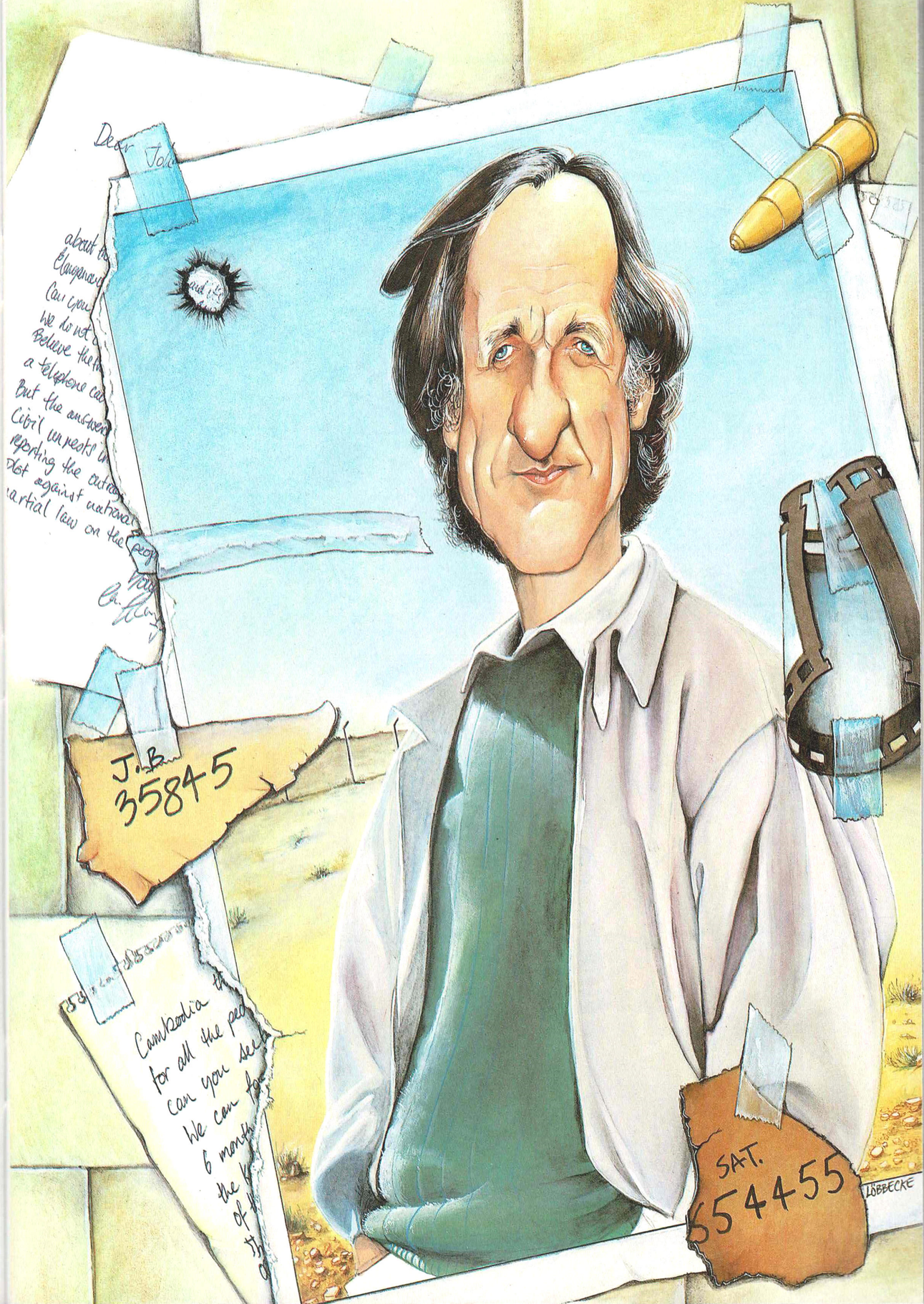
the messenger

PROFILE BY ANTONELLA GAMBOTTO

ILLUSTRATION BY ERIC LOBBECKE

To crusading journalist John Pilger, the price of truth is eternal vigilance.

It is late on a Friday afternoon, and the light is not the "diamond" of John Pilger's sensual childhood memories, but a hazy summer blue, the color of indolence. He sits down at the outdoor table with its beach umbrella, shielded from the afternoon sun, and settles back with the air of one accustomed to being interviewed. The oft-circulated and somewhat dated press photograph which appears on the dustjacket of his books does not prepare you for the reality. In it, Pilger's face is all eyes, large and searching, brimming with a passionate conviction. The man leaning forward with his bony elbows on the table is a different proposition altogether. His skin is



messenger

leather-dark, creased and crusted with white salt from his afternoon at the beach. "You see," he says, "I'm a typical Australian."

By that, he means that he is as unpretentious as the next man, his canvas shirt rolled up at the sleeves to expose broad forearms and open at the throat. He is tall, with the archetypal Aussie low-slung pelvis, and he is wearing a pair of cheap green sneakers with holes in the toes and no socks. Streaked with grey, his hair is still sandy and thinning, and those large eyes of his are clear and deflective. Uncompromising, raw, combative, irreverent, and very much the egalitarian soul, his is the spirit of Australia. It is this harsh and emotional sense of identity with a country he no longer lives in which drives most of his detractors to distraction.

Pilger has been a war correspondent (he was the first Western television journalist to re-enter Cambodia's killing fields) based in Central America, South Africa, Czechoslovakia, the Middle East, England, America and Australia (where his documentary *Island of Dreams* provoked an uproar in 1981); a film maker; author of *Heroes*, an absorbing collection of reports from the firing lines; and a playwright. He has twice won British journalism's highest award, Journalist Of The Year, for his work in Vietnam and Cambodia. Among other awards, he has also been voted International Reporter Of The Year and has won the United Nations Association Media Peace Prize. His documentaries have won prizes at innumerable international festivals. Despite — or because of — these extraordinary achievements, he manages to rile the Establishment to the point of apoplexy. This, in part, may be one of his own personal measures of success. Whether for or against him, people pay attention. His latest book, *A Secret Country*, has met with no less vehement a response.

On the first page of *A Secret Country* he recalls the song of the currawongs in Bondi. "Like most scavengers, currawongs are not universally loved; they fix you with a gleaming yellow eye and they dive-bomb and raid nests and eat like goats . . . I liked those birds: I liked their song and their wickedness. They kicked over the traces with style." Kicking over the traces with style is what Pilger does best. He fixes his target, and then dive-bombs, causing an uproar. If there is wickedness in him, it is a constructive wickedness — he destroys in order to construct, and this "destruction" takes the form of exposing the truth.

The philosopher Arthur Koestler stated that any subject can be viewed in any number of different ways — for example, Napoleon's defeat at Waterloo can be discussed in terms of historic significance, military strategy, "the condition of his liver", or "the constellation of the planets." In other words, the angle taken on a topic becomes the pivot of its argument. And Pilger's angle is both what makes him hated and loved. He is profoundly political and a man of the people, defending those he perceives as having no voice. His method is emotional and driven and fired by injustice; his pet hates are "fake objectivism" and "clerical journalism", both of which he feels cannot address the full impact of any event.

The weakness of such a combative approach is that it inevitably forces his readers and viewers into polarised positions: you are either with "us", or for "them." His is a world of clearly defined struggle and exploitation, of goodies and baddies.

Life, however, is rarely as crystal-cut. Meeting with aggression people with whom you disagree does not encourage understanding or compromise; it tends to reinforce, to an extent, the passion of the opposition.

But this is the least of Pilger's worries. He doesn't give too much of a damn what the opposition thinks; he just wants to raise consciousness and let people take it from there.

Born in Sydney in 1949 to a partly German carpenter and a "rebellious" university-educated mother, who not only married against her family's will but ended up working on a factory line and taking in washing, Pilger was raised in an environment of contradictions. His great-great-grandfather, he was told as a child, was of such elevated breeding that he had been a pillar of the Australian colony — "an early landowner" who was "well to do" and "nicely connected." The young Pilger, who at age 12 had already started his own newspaper at school — *The Messenger* — understandably developed an immense pride in what he saw to be his heritage, although he was confused as to what had happened to all the wealth of his "well to do" forebears.

One Christmas he decided to force the issue at a family gathering, only to be told in a conspiratorial whisper that he shouldn't ask too many questions because "Yer see, love, they were Irish — and they had the Stain. . ."

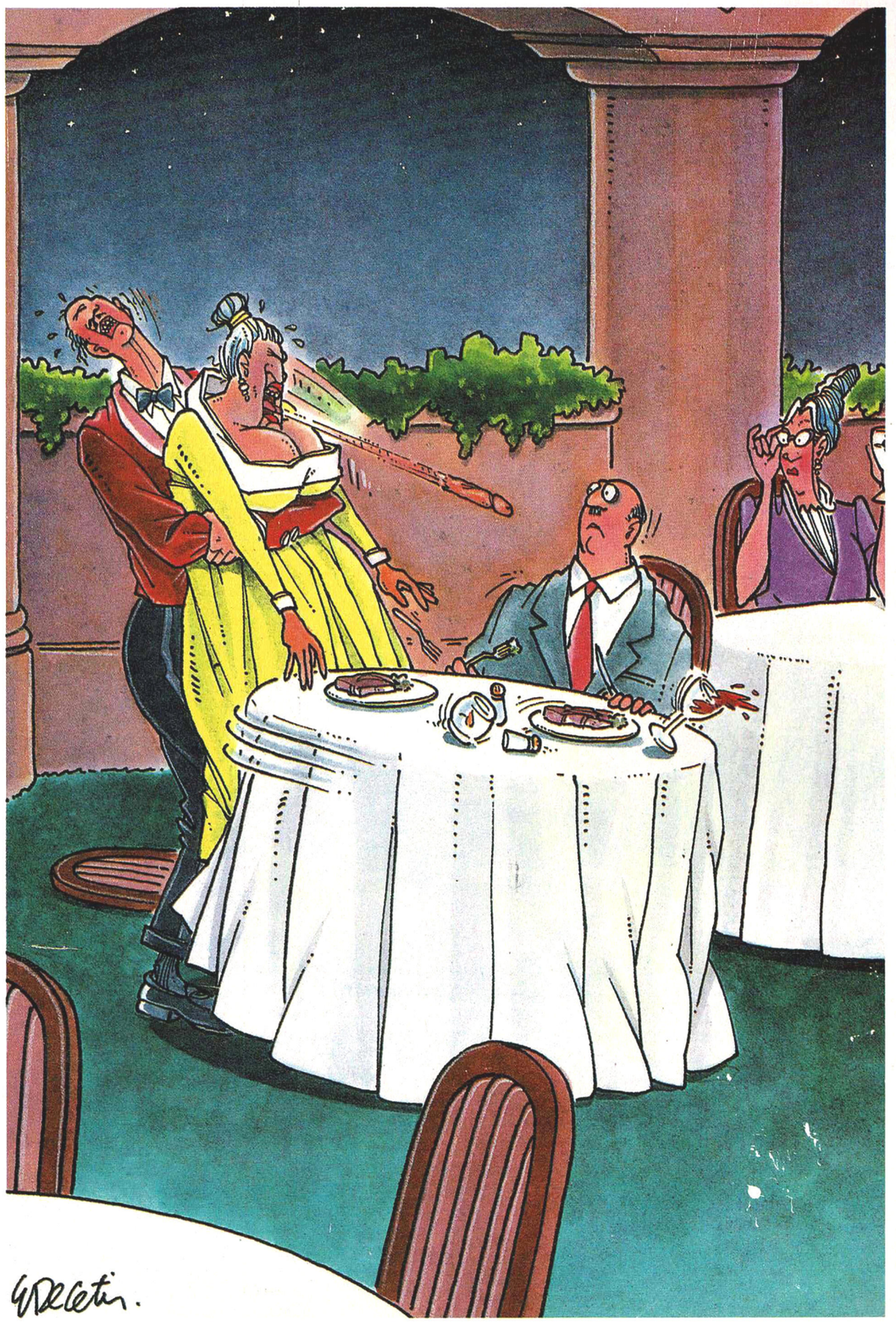
"The Stain" was a euphemism for convict ancestry, and this was perhaps the point where Pilger began to understand that truth could be doctored to spare feelings, nurse pride, and avoid the sometimes unpleasant face of reality. Thus he began an examination of what was taken as fact, an attitude which has become the basis for all his work.

"He's the most uncompromising journalist I've ever met," says Tony Miles, Pilger's former editor at *The Daily Mirror*. "Controversy always surrounds him because his pieces are so challenging. He feels very passionately. He goes for black-edged subjects: he doesn't want to massage the readers."

Pilger's documentary *Year Zero — The Silent Death Of Cambodia* was watched by 150 million people around the world, and the resulting donations amounted to $45 million. Oxfam said that at least a quarter of a million

Continued on page 92

"No one said it was going to be easy."



"Your Honor, she *seemed* like a good sort . . ."

dates from hell

"I would so much rather turn a trick with somebody than go out on a date. Turning a trick is not anxiety-producing. But going out on a date, I just freak out." — The Prostitution Papers

Everybody has experienced excruciating evenings in the name of dating — nights when they've thought they'd honestly died and gone to Hell. Dates when they've periodically pinched themselves in the hope of waking up — in their own bed, alone. Dating is a brutal, demanding but addictive sport that we have absolutely no training for. Nobody coaches novice daters. Nobody says to them: "This is where the noses go and here's how you stop the teeth from banging together." Parents, acutely aware of their own early dates from Hell, have the nerve to tell you to "just be yourself" and make sure you have the cab fare home. Teachers dish out dire warnings about falling

HUMOR BY JEAN NORMAN

ILLUSTRATION BY DOUG ROBERTS

dates from hell

pregnant or becoming a heroin addict on your first date whilst ignoring more subtle concerns. As for support from your peer group — I asked a much-dated and highly-rated "older girl" for advice before one of my first dates, and she just told me not to show him my knees because boys could tell from them whether or not you were a virgin.

And after having spent hours studying a body language book to see how boys subconsciously indicated their lust, I was confronted instead by a boy clutching his groin area and whining: "Look what you've done to me . . . This really hurts . . . *Look* . . ." So much for ritual courtship signals.

People like me tried to bone up on dating from books such as *First Date — Last Date*, only to find out it was a novel about a whacko First XV captain who'd always disembowel his dates as soon as they agreed to a second date. *Sigh.*

Ultimately I turned, like many of us, to the three main dating propaganda sources:

(1) *Dating in television advertisements* . . . which imply that so long as you don't stink or bleed everywhere, *dating is fun*, and remind you that everyone else is out there having a top time dating, so why the hell aren't you?

(2) *Dating in American soap operas* . . . is never dull. Soapies suggest that *dating is dramatic*. The talk's never small — it's big, and always about sex, death and other people's money. The person at the next table will often be her ex-pimp in disguise or his psychotic stepmother bent on revenge. Dinner, dancing or the movies could be interrupted by a terrorist attack, kidnapping or minor earthquake.

(3) *Dating in romance novels* . . . teaches us that *dating is erotic*. The awkward silences of real life are replaced by passionate pauses. Blokes never discuss cricket or the gearbox of their car. Instead: "His words became a whispered seduction against her skin — an erotic litany that invited her to share his intoxication." And honestly, he was only asking her what she thought of the entree.

The worst nightmare of the novice dater may be the spectre of their parents turning up at the Spin The Bottle party to take them home just when they had their opponent down to the underwear. But for we jaded sophisticates, a bad date can take many a manic form. In America — California, anyway — a bad date may be grounds for a small but effective lawsuit. I imagine it works on a fraudulent behavior basis: "Your Honor, she *seemed* like a good sort . . ."

Incidentally, one of my worst dates ever involved a gaggle of lawyers and my father, who'd taken me out to dinner to deliver a load of drivel about taking responsibility for my own life, etc etc. While Dad and I contented ourselves with several bottles of red wine, the lawyers at the next table were getting obliterated on cointreau, tequila and flaming Lamborghinis. Anyway, my father actually had his chequebook out and was about to pay for what he (mistakenly) thought were my Uni fees when this female lawyer came swaying over to our table. We thought she was about to ask for a light, but she shouted at Dad: "You're disgusting. You're old enough to be her father." He just chortled, so she spun on her stiletto and glared down at me: "What's in it for you? Do you have a father fixation? I suppose you've stolen this pervert off some poor wife." Eventually her colleagues dragged her, kicking and screaming, away.

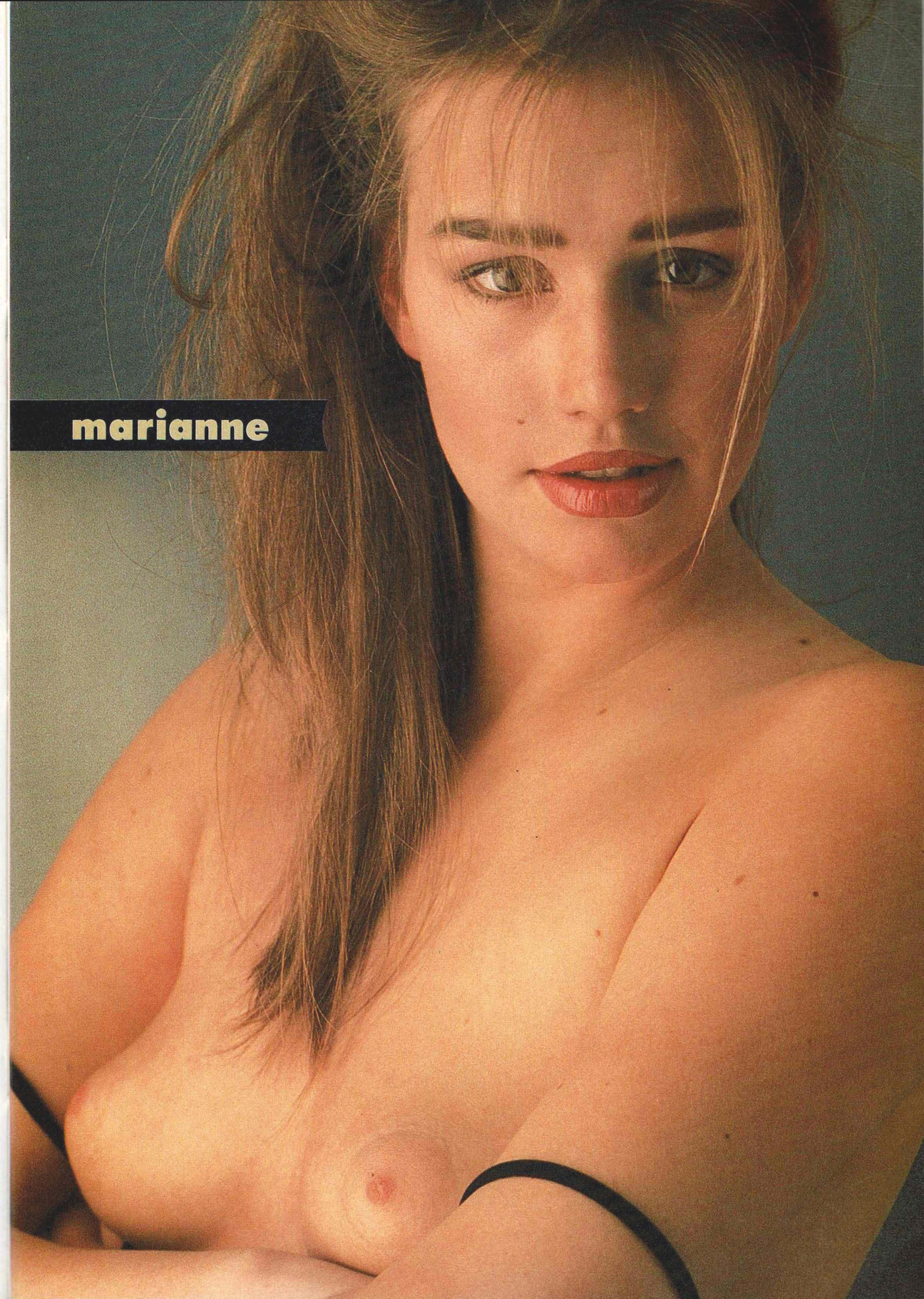
I went for a job interview the following day, and I instantly recognised the employer as the old man who'd been sitting at the table opposite Dad and I. I didn't get the job but he did ask me out.

As yet Australians have no recourse to legal revenge for bad dates, which is why I've formed my new company, Datebusters. A new enterprise in the middle of a recession? You betcha. Dating is recession-proof. In fact, many girls of my acquaintance date more often when they're broke. After all, it's still a free feed and booze-up, isn't it?

Perhaps you're thinking: "But what can Datebusters do for me?" You're not? You should be. Nobody is immune from bad dates. I expect some day we'll be sitting in cocktail bars on Mars having bad dates. So, here's how Datebusters could help you. Imagine that you're on a date. You're incapable of listening to a word she's saying. This is not because you're mesmerised by the sensuality of her mouth; it's because you've been engaged in frantic calculations and have just realised you can't pay the bill. She's telling you that her ex-boyfriend felt threatened by successful women. You're trembling with rage because she's just ordered the Fuck You That's Half My Weekly Wage With Cocktails & Liqueur Dessert Special. Your ex, with whom you are still in love, has just walked in with Kevin Costner. She sneers sweetly at your date, who by now is starting to resemble the RSPCA's Dog Of The Week. The floor seems to be tilting . . . Your old Maths teacher materialises before you . . . If you were a paid-up member of Datebusters, we'd bust you out of there.

Datebusters can bleep you at half-hourly intervals, or you can page us with your location and a brief description of the dating dilemma. When you start utilising our cunning array of staged escapes and diversions, dates where you clockwatch or spend hours in the dunny to escape tedious conversation will become a thing of

Continued on page 96



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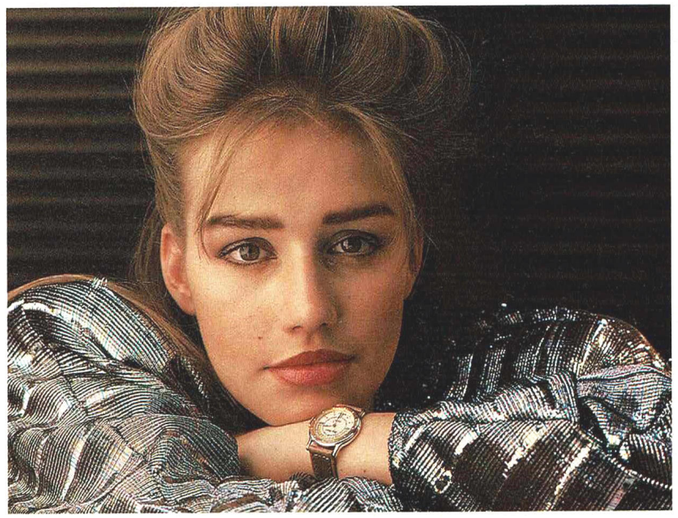


"You'd never believe it, but I'm quite shy," says 20-year-old Marianne Cooper, our Pet of the Month. "My stomach knots up when I have to walk into a room full of strange people, or give a speech." Marianne, a secretary, enjoys quiet, expensive dinners and weekends away in country hotels with her boyfriend.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL MOORE

Marianne, 36-24-34, keeps fit by walking and swimming. She prefers a natural, fresh look and, she says, also prefers a natural, sunny environment. "My dream is one day to move out of the city and run a small organic fruit and flower farm," she says. "It won't make me a millionaire, but it would be a great lifestyle."

BY GRANTLEE KIEZA

PHOTOS BY ERNIE McQUILLAN AND LIVE ACTION

THE TOUGH STUFF

Some of our greatest sporting moments are acts of monumental courage. Others are just plain lunacy.

The "immortal" South Sydney Rugby League fullback Clive Churchill was an impish guy, an artful dodger, and one of the bravest, toughest men ever to play any kind of sport in this country. • South Sydney won their 16th League premiership in 1955, after having taken out the title in three of the four previous years. But by the end of the first round in that '55 season Souths, the favorites, were languishing in second-last place on the premiership table after just three wins from their ten encounters. When they trudged off their home ground, Redfern Oval, having narrowly lost the 11th game of the year, they were staring at a daunting equation. The team needed to win every match for the remainder of the season to take the title. • These were seemingly impossible odds, but with Churchill playing brilliantly at fullback, Souths strung together six straight wins and then faced their toughest assignment, against Manly-Warringah, before a wildly enthusiastic crowd at Redfern. • Early in the match Churchill broke his forearm, but ignored the pleas of medical staff and determined to play out the make-or-break match. The team's doctor wrapped his arm in an improvised cardboard splint at half-time, gave him a pain killer and let the "Little Master" back on to the field. • Trailing near the full-time siren, Souths managed to claw back when winger Len Cowie scored five minutes from the end. The score was 7-all with Souths having to kick the conversion to win. Even though he was in obvious agony, his arm merely dangling by his side and his body drooping pathetically, Churchill took the football, placed it just centimetres in from the sideline and let rip. • According to journalist George Crawford, covering the match for the *Sunday Tele-*

TOUGH STUFF

graph, the ball "twisted and swerved like a thing alive. At one stage it seemed certain to miss by five yards. Suddenly it curled and dropped over the bar." Women at Redfern wept uncontrollably, and back in an age when such things were countenanced only by "pansies" and "New Australians", men hugged each other and kissed the victorious footballers.

Clive Churchill naturally missed the remaining four matches, but his team lived up to the example he set. In the grand final, Newtown, who had been tossed by Souths in the previous grand final, led with just six minutes remaining. But again, as though Churchill were orchestrating events, Souths scored a late try and converted a difficult kick to win the match 12-11 and complete the most extraordinary reversal in Australian Rugby League history.

Journalist Peter Muszkat, now a veteran of Sydney League reporters, was an impressionable youngster during the Little Master's halcyon days. "Clive was such an inspirational figure," Muszkat recalls. "When he died of cancer a few years back he was mourned not so much as a great footballer but more as a man of incredible courage. He was only a little guy but he had no hesitation in charging into 16-stone giants and driving them backwards."

Churchill's courageous performance in 1955 recalled that of Eric Weissel from Cootamundra, NSW, an Australian Test hero who never joined one of the big smoke clubs, preferring to play all his club football in the country.

In the "Battle of Brisbane" in 1932, Weissel helped Australia to a 15-6 victory over England. Legend has it that his darting, weaving run from his own quarter to set up the winning try was performed on a broken ankle.

Peter Muszkat also remembers with awe two of Rugby League's toughest men from the Sixties — Brian Hambly and Noel "Ned" Kelly. Both were uncompromising heroes of the 1963 Kangaroo tour of Great Britain. Of Hambly, Muszkat recalls: "He was terribly aggressive without being nasty. In the Fifties and Sixties there never seemed to be the spiteful things we hear about today, like eye-gouging. The Poms often used headbutts, but most of the on-field violence was in the form of stand-up fighting and when it came to those, Hambly was the master." On one occasion in Albi, France, Australian player Kevin Smyth had his arms pinned behind his back while two Frenchmen laid into him. Hambly charged into the fray and chased one of the culprits, Georges Fages, 70 metres before punching his lights out.

In the Seventies, Rugby League toughness was epitomised by another South Sydney champion, John Sattler, who is still lionised as one of the bravest men ever to play the game. Although he had legs resembling those of a dinosaur, Sattler's chin was made of softer stuff and just three minutes into the 1970 grand final between Souths and Manly, the big forward had his jaw smashed by a punch from behind. With blood oozing over his bottom lip for most of the game, so that he looked like a 110kg vampire, Sattler refused to leave the field. Soon after the blow was landed, the Souths captain tottered over to teammate Mike Cleary and said: "Mike, hold on to me. Don't let me fall. I don't want these bastards to know I'm crook." Sattler didn't fall and despite the intense pain, he kept charging into the Manly defence and doing his fair share of tackling as the match wore on. It wasn't until half-time that his team-mates realised he had a shocking injury. Again despite the protests of his friends, Sattler ran on to the field for the second half, leading his team to another premiership by 23-12.

Although Souths had more than their share of thrilling victories despite those unlucky breaks, the rough and tough image of professional Rugby League was personified for many years in the homely features of Newtown's Frank "Bumper" Farrell. Sporting a pair of cauliflower ears and a face that scared small children, Bumper became head of the Vice Squad in Sydney's Kings Cross. For many years after his retirement he would boast of having never needed medical assistance during his playing days: he even once lashed out with his boots at a medico who ran on to the field to revive the Bumper with smelling salts.

In 1945 Farrell was accused of biting off the ear of St George prop Bill McRitchie, but the Newtown hero was eventually found not guilty by the NSW Rugby League after an exhaustive seven-month inquiry, and he maintained his innocence until the day he died. McRitchie spent 22 weeks in hospital having his ear remoulded with skin grafts.

The player who best combined toughness with brilliance was undoubtedly the game's great pioneer, Dally Messenger, a virtuoso with the ball and a man whose charismatic presence drew crowds much as Don Bradman did 30 years later. Messenger's toughness was constantly tested by another South Sydney hardhead, Tommy Anderson, and on the first Kangaroo tour of England Messenger thrilled British fans by scoring mesmerising solo tries often with knee injuries that would have crippled lesser players.

Like Clive Churchill, Messenger, the original "Master", was a small man. The same could not be said of the Australian Rules commando Jack Dyer, better known as "Captain Blood", a Richmond ruckman who biffed plenty of opponents and reflected the rugged face of his code in his own craggy features. At 6ft 1in he was nowhere near the size of other Rules ruckmen, but he dominated most of his rivals in the Forties with non-stop aggression punctuated by a good thump every so often.

Not all the tough guys of football look like Captain Blood, though — Dermott Brereton has proved that during the last few years. Football's premier pretty boy was at his boots-and-all best in Hawthorn's 1989 grand final win over Geelong, skinning the Cats with a brand of ferocity starkly incongruous with his angelic smile. In the same match, Brereton's imposing team-mate Robert "Dipper" DiPierdomenico played with a punctured lung.

The traditional toughness of the Hawthorn Hawks has been well documented in the book *The Hard Way* by newspaper executive Harry Gordon, whose father Harry Gordon Snr was the victor in a brutal and ultimately fatal fight with the great Australian flyweight George Mendies 70 years ago. Gordon recalled that "Brereton was flattened within the first 18 seconds by a charge from Geelong's Mark Yeates. As Gary Ablett goaled for Geelong, Brereton wobbled to his knees, then collapsed to the turf. He was bleeding internally from a bruised kidney and had damaged ribs and was vomiting as Dr Terry Gay, Barry Gavin and runner George Stone attended him."

When Stone reached him with a message telling him to come off the ground, Brereton replied: "Get fucked." Only minutes later he leapt high over Steven Hocking for a breathtaking mark and goal. Out came Stone with another message: "Simply inspirational. Stay on."

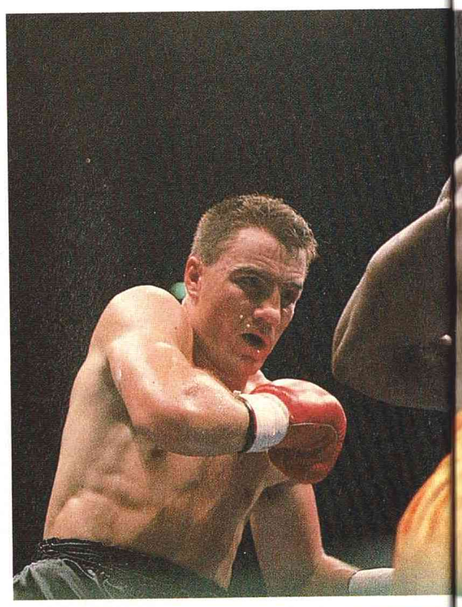
Brereton remembered the knock that laid him out. "I tried to stand up but I was in too much pain. I couldn't breathe in and my legs went on me. I went down on one knee but I still couldn't breathe, so I rolled out flat on my back. I didn't want the Geelong players to see me out of the game."

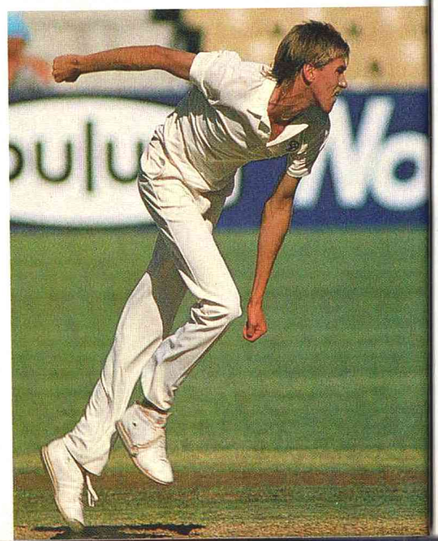
DiPierdomenico was hit by Ablett and a rib went through his lung. He was soon nailed again by three other Geelong players but kept throwing himself into the fray. With his lung slowly deflating, he was given a painkilling injection at half-time and then headed back into the game. So vigorous was his performance that he was reported — and later suspended for five matches — for having whacked Geelong's Garry Hocking. After the match, "Dipper" collapsed and was rushed to hospital. The Hawks finished up with 11 fit players from their starting 20. It was ironic that before the game their coach Alan Jones had exhorted them to "pay the price" if they wanted the VFL premiership.

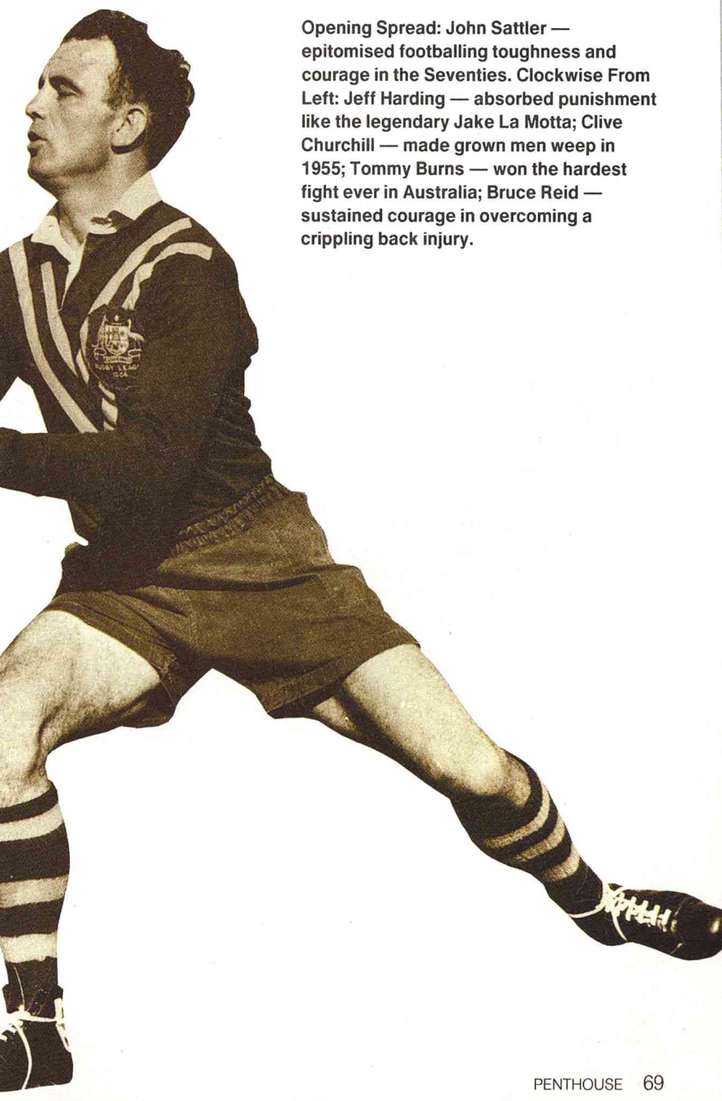
One of the most courageous feats in Australian Rules was orchestrated by a man on the sidelines. Big, boisterous and blustering coach Ron Barassi, a character who could not have been conceived by anyone but himself, was nothing if not inspirational. With his Carlton Blues trailing Collingwood 73-29 in the 1970 grand final, Barassi's half-time pep talk worked the greatest miracle the code has seen. More than 120,000 fans at the Melbourne Cricket Ground saw Barassi's men with a mission close the gap so that by three-quarter time victory was just three goals away. Collingwood fought hard in the final quarter, but the Blues stole back the lead and the premiership in the dying seconds. Ron Barassi had gone from mere charismatic leader to "supercoach" and Carlton had set a new benchmark in footballing "character."

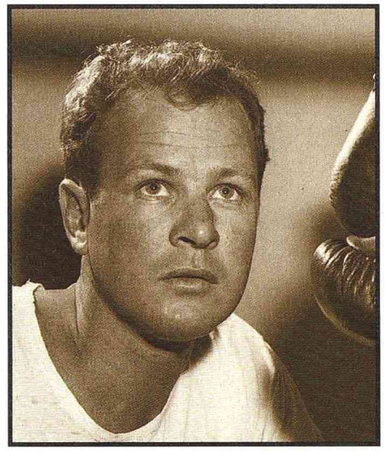
Tony "Slaggie" Miller typified toughness and heart in Rugby Union. He was fierce on the field and often brutal, yet away from football he was almost embarrassingly gentle. Team-mates on one Wallaby tour of Great Britain remember seeing him in tears after he'd heard a radio report that small children had been killed in a Welsh mining disaster.

During the infamous 1966-67 Wallaby tour of Britain, Australia's reserve hooker Ross Cullen was sent home for biting the ear of rival Ollie Waldron, an Irish international. Waldron had butted Cullen and









Opening Spread: John Sattler — epitomised footballing toughness and courage in the Seventies. Clockwise From Left: Jeff Harding — absorbed punishment like the legendary Jake La Motta; Clive Churchill — made grown men weep in 1955; Tommy Burns — won the hardest fight ever in Australia; Bruce Reid — sustained courage in overcoming a crippling back injury.

TOUGH STUFF

"bored in" on him, a tactic often used by the British to pull the hooker off the ball. Scottish forward Sandy Carmichael was also a master of the tactic, but Australia solved all its problems by sooling Slaggie Miller into the fray. After just two or three scrums against the Australians, Carmichael's face was unrecognisable.

Ken "Slasher" Mackay was never cast in the mould of the craggy-featured hard nut. He was such a dull and dour cricketer that the "Slasher" nickname was bestowed in heavy sarcasm, and no scorer ever raised a sweat keeping his runs posted, but on many occasions he proved himself the bravest (and most dependable) batsman in the Australian cricket team.

In the summer of 1960-61 Frank Worrell brought a flamboyant West Indian side to Australia. At the helm of their attack was the giant fast bowler Wes Hall, the man at the centre of the historic tied Test that had kicked off the West Indian tour in Brisbane. There were few sights as thrilling for the crowd, or as terrifying for the batsman, as Hall charging in to bowl with a full head of steam, shirt-tails trailing behind him like a cape, huge thighs pumping, gold crucifix swinging, eyes bulging and teeth bared, with a run-up starting almost from the boundary fence.

Entering the Fourth Test of that series in Adelaide, the sides were locked at one-all and the Australian public had been treated to the kind of excitement seen only once every century or so. Chasing 459 for victory, Australia had collapsed to be 9-207 with only the resolute gum-chewing Slasher and batting bunny Lindsay Kline left to save them. Again Wes Hall was the central figure. He had 100 minutes to take one wicket and give the West Indies the series lead.

Somehow Slasher and Kline survived. Finally it was Wes Hall bowling the last over of the day, Slasher Mackay on strike. The first four thunderbolts of the eight-ball over Slasher patted to the ground, and the next three he let fly past to the keeper. Then there was the final delivery. Mackay was determined not to give a chance to the 20 West Indian hands clustered around his bat. Hall dug the ball in short and it reared at Slasher's body. Rather than risk an edge, he simply let it smash into his side, stumbling away from the wicket and dropping to his knees in agony. Mackay had a set of badly bruised ribs but the match had been saved and he was a hero. Australia narrowly won the next Test at Melbourne and took out the series.

A more sustained brand of courage was shown by Dennis Lillee in battling back from fractured vertebrae in the early Seventies to become the most respected fast bowler of his era. Current Australian speedster Bruce Reid has shown similar mettle in surviving four back operations requiring the insertion of steel plates in his body. They set off a lightshow every time he passes through the metal detectors at airports.

And it was that same resolute determination with which Rick McCosker faced up to an English speed attack in the Centenary Test of 1977. The match was memorable not just for the great array of Test stars assembled from around the globe and from many generations, and nor for the fact that Australia won by 45 runs, just as it had done when the two teams played the very first Test on the same Melbourne ground 100 years before. Although England's Derek Randall laughed off a blow to the head from Lillee to make a big century and win the Man of the Match award, it was Rick McCosker, more than anyone, who displayed the true grit required at the highest level of cricket.

With only four runs to his name, McCosker was hit in the face by a bouncer from Bob Willis in the first innings. The delivery broke his jaw and his wicket. As Australia tottered to 138 in their first dig, McCosker was a sorry sight in hospital, having his jaw wired and finding it painful just to speak or sip fluids through a straw. The patient watched Lillee bowl out England and Kerry O'Keeffe take his place opening the batting for Australia in their second innings.

With Rod Marsh approaching a century but running out of batting partners, McCosker volunteered to have another dig. His walk to the crease to bat at number 10 was greeted with a standing ovation. His head swathed in bandages and his face grotesquely swollen, he survived a bouncer from English quick John Lever, clenched his teeth and focussed on winning the Test for Australia. After facing a few deliveries, McCosker was asked by Marsh how he was feeling. "Mind your business," he replied, "and get a hundred."

McCosker stayed with Marsh until the Australian keeper had made his century, and together the pair put on 54 runs — a partnership that ultimately gave Australia victory. "The pain from a broken jaw is excruciating," Marsh said later. "It made me realise what Test cricket is all about."

Although he didn't suffer broken bones in the pursuit of excellence in his field, marathon swimmer Des Renford was every bit as tough as the champions of more dangerous endeavors.

Renford didn't really get serious about swimming until he was 40 years old, and only after a pub bet with a reporter from the Melbourne *Truth*. He entered a marathon race across Port Phillip Bay and was just two kilometres off Frankston when race organisers dragged him unconscious from the water. Recovering in hospital, he decided to try again. On August 9, 1969 he swam for 12 hours and 48 minutes, crossing the English Channel for the first of 19 times. He staggered out of the water at Le Chatelet Beach in France and burst into tears, overcome by the moment.

Renford spent most of his middle age defying and defeating pain barriers that few athletes even half his age could have endured. In 1977, in the freezing waters of Loch Ness, Scotland, Renford spent five and a half hours single-mindedly plowing through what to anyone else would have been a black watery tomb. Death from hypothermia in such conditions usually takes only about 20 minutes. "My head felt like it was being crushed in a vice," he said. It was a feat deserving of a run in *Ripley's Believe It Or Not.*

Pain was something Renford embraced like an old friend. A similar philosophy was used by the great athletics coach Percy Cerutty to turn Herb Elliott into the best mile runner of all time. "Thrust against pain," the eccentric Cerutty exhorted his pupil. "Pain is the purifier. Walk towards suffering. Love suffering. Embrace it." As he ran the sand hills at Cerutty's training

camp in Portsea, Victoria, Elliott and pain became intimate companions under the "Stotan" (Stoic and Spartan) regime. Elliott ran two of the greatest middle distance races of all time, when he won the 1500m gold medal at the Rome Olympics in 1960, and in Dublin in 1958, when he dragged four other runners through the four-minute mile barrier. Elliott and the three men behind him all broke John Landy's world record. It was a race one reporter called the "mile of the millennium."

Another great Australian Olympian was the horseman Bill Roycroft. He competed in five Olympic Games, testimony to his exceptional riding ability, but it was his reaction to a serious fall that established him as one of our gutsiest sportsmen. In Rome, where Elliott was setting a lightning pace around the track and a pretty tough Sydney boxer named Tony Madigan was losing to the young Cassius Clay, Roycroft was showing that a 45-year-old Victorian bushman could be as game as any youngster.

Roycroft's mount Our Solo faltered at jump 37 in the cross-country event, and Bushie Bill was sent flying. The extent of his injuries has never been accurately determined. He was obviously concussed, and various reports had him suffering anything from extensive bruising to a cracked collarbone. In any case, he was a sore and sorry rider as he completed his last four jumps and was given whiskey and oxygen before being carted to hospital.

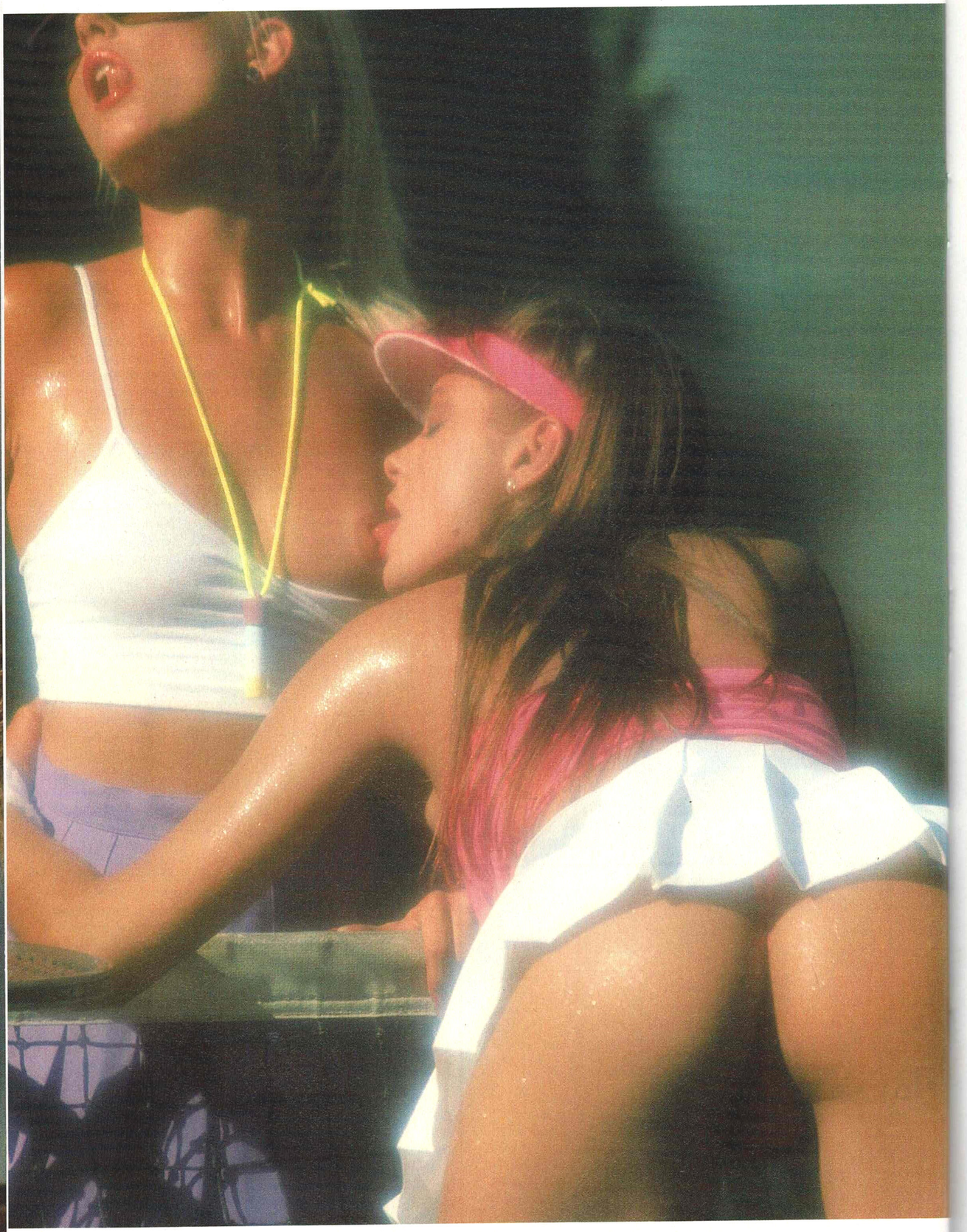
But Australia still needed him, and despite a severe headache and muscle pains, Bill ignored attempts to keep him in bed, made it back to the equestrian ring and limped around the course, memorising the jumps, fences and flags. Back on board Our Solo, Roycroft gave the performance of his life, grimacing through the pain, and Australia won the gold medal. He was still riding at the Montreal Olympics in 1976, at the age of 61.

Another rider of extraordinary tenacity was cyclist Hubert "Oppy" Opperman. His heroics in France made him a legend throughout Europe and in 1928 he was voted the most popular sportsman on the Continent. In the Bol D'Or 24-hour race of that year, his two racing cycles were sabotaged and Opperman lost ten laps on his rivals before his manager Bruce Small located an old pushbike complete with mudflaps, headlamps, bell and pump. "Oppy" soldiered on but inevitably lost ground and was 17 laps behind by the time his racer was repaired. But our boy was a gutsy one. By the midway mark in the event, Opperman had regained the lead and when the 24 hours of racing were completed he'd taken the title and set a new world record of 910 kilometres.

Any chronicle of toughness and tenacity in Australian sport would be remiss without reference to our boxing history. In the 1890s Frank "Paddy" Slavin, the "Maitland Cornstalk" who later became a sheriff in the Klondike area of Alaska, was as rough and mean as any fighter in the

Continued on page 110

Clockwise From Far Left: Dally Messenger — best combined toughness with brilliance; Herb Elliott — beat pain by learning to love it; Robert DiPierdomenico — won a VFL premiership with a punctured lung; Ken "Slasher" Mackay — defied Wes Hall and the West Indies; Ron Barassi — inspired the most courageous comeback in VFL history.



GAME, SET *AND* MATCH

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DIDIER PEDRON

Amy's tennis had improved markedly since Mikki had started coaching her, but she was still having trouble with her serve. "You need to concentrate," she was told, but when Mikki tried to focus on the proper form she found it impossible.

"We could go to my place to relax." Amy offered, and Mikki quickly accepted. They clearly had the same thing in mind. "Now it's my turn to tutor you," the tennis novice whispered. They quickly set a rhythm and started their own private volley. As they picked up the pace, Amy and Mikki both knew that, with three sets to love, there would have to be a rematch.

WIN

A Luxury Weekend At The Adelaide Casino

Feeling lucky? This is the competition for you — a chance to win a luxurious weekend of relaxation, fun and games at the elegant Adelaide Casino. You and your partner will be flown to Adelaide, then transferred by limousine to the city's renowned Hyatt Regency. There you'll spend two nights, with breakfasts and dinners included, and while away the hours in between exploring the historic appointments of the Adelaide Casino and trying your hand at the wide variety of gaming on offer there. This high-rolling prize is valued in excess of $2700, with the added chance that you may return home with a suitcase of winnings! To enter, simply turn the page for more information on your destination, then fill in the coupon and mail it to *Penthouse* before June 28, 1991.

WIN an Adelaide Casino Weekend

In keeping with the style and grandeur of Europe's most famous casinos, the Adelaide Casino has been hailed as a world showpiece of planning and stunning heritage refurbishment. In a sympathetic marriage of history and modernity, the casino is housed within the

imposing sandstone colonnaded walls of Adelaide's old Railway Building, built in 1929. And, located at the heart of the city, gracing the banks of the Torrens River, the casino joins the Adelaide Arts Festival, the Grand Prix and the beautiful Barossa Valley as good reasons to visit what has been called Australia's most imaginative and progressive state.

Step inside the Adelaide Casino's doors and cross the Italian marble floors of the entrance hall, beneath its grand dome and corinthian columns, and you step back into an era more graceful than our own. This is a pleasing change from the stark neon throb and commercial bustle of most of the world's casinos. More than 13 million patrons have crossed the floor since the casino opened on December 12, 1985, and they've ventured beyond to discover facilities and decor that are at once ultra-modern and yet tastefully reminiscent of times past. More than 100 gaming tables wait to captivate the visitor beneath the glitter of massive Austrian crystal chandeliers in the casino's Great Hall.

Your game of choice may be Roulette, Blackjack, Baccarat, Poker, Craps, Keno, Mini-Dice, Money Wheel, Big & Small, Mini-Baccarat or the Australian favorite, Two-Up. If you're not sure how to play any of the games, Adelaide Casino gaming staff are there to help you. A Gaming Guide, Poker Guide and Keno Brochure are also available.

As well as for the excitement of its gaming, the Adelaide Casino draws around 8000 visitors each day — and has become a very fashionable Adelaide meeting place — because of the ambience of its bars and restaurants. Known as Adelaide's Building Of Excitement, the casino is a hub of first-class entertainment, featuring a variety of acts from jazz ensembles and leading vocal performers to the atmospheric appeal of a piano bar. There are five bars housed on the casino's three levels: The English-style Pub Bar with its Carvery; the Wine Bar, boasting an impressive cellar of Australian wines and live music; The Balcony Bar, overlooking the Great Hall, and L'Express Bar, each offering elegant atmosphere and exclusive cocktails. Lastly, there's the exquisitely appointed International Room Bar, for members only. For sumptuous dining, there's the star attraction of the Pullman Restaurant, where fine cuisine and a superb range of good wines are to be had. The Pullman Restaurant is open for lunch, dinner and Sunday brunch. All Adelaide Casino's bars and eateries — and all gaming areas — are attended by friendly staff trained to the highest international hospitality standards.

For your chance to win a luxury weekend for two, experiencing all of the above and much more that the Adelaide Casino has to offer, simply fill in the coupon on this page, answering the three questions based on the information above. Good luck!

Send completed coupon to *Penthouse*/Adelaide Casino Competition, PO Box 42, Cammeray 2062. The answers to each question can be found on this page. Entries close last mail on Friday, June 28, 1991.

1. On what date did the Adelaide Casino open?

_____

2. Approximately how many patrons visit the Adelaide Casino every day?

_____

3. What is the name of the casino's fine dining restaurant?

_____

Name: _____

Address: _____

_____ **Telephone:** _____

Permit No: TC 91/0474

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

Your entry must be on the official coupon or a facsimile of that coupon. Only one entry per person is allowed and no cash alternative is offered for the prize.

Entry to the competition is open to all residents of Australia over the age of 18, other than employees of *Australian Penthouse* and their families.

Closing date for entries is last mail on Friday, June 28, 1991. The winner of the prize will be announced in a forthcoming issue of *Australian Penthouse* in the Loose Ends section. One correct entry will be drawn from all the correct entries received. That entrant will be the winner. On all questions, disputes and matters arising in relation to the contest, the editor's decision will be final. No correspondence will be entered into and entry into the competition indicates acceptance of all rules and conditions.

The prize must be taken on any weekend before December 31, 1991, excluding the weekend of October 31 — November 3. Winners are entitled to two breakfasts at the Hyatt Regency and two evening meals with drinks at the Pullman Restaurant. Vouchers for these meals will be provided to the winners upon their arrival by the Adelaide Casino.

The promoters, the Adelaide Casino and *Australian Penthouse*, shall be under no liability to the winning contestant for any loss (including but not limited to consequential loss) or damage to property caused or in any way contributed to by any act or omission by the promoters, their servants or agents or any other persons in any way related to or arising out of the supply or non-supply or performance or non-performance of anything or any service provided or contemplated by or in pursuance of the *Australian Penthouse*/Adelaide Casino Competition (including negligent acts or omissions).

This competition is brought to you by the Adelaide Casino and *Australian Penthouse* magazine.

RED·BLUE

Continued from page 30

riddled with bugs by KGB-paid construction workers that the Americans gave up digging them out of the walls and simply refused to move in.

Even if a tourist encounters a companion in Moscow, one wonders how good a time he or she would have. In February 1990, a survey by the French magazine *L'Evenement* found that most Russians knew nothing about contraception (the favored method is abortion, which is free on demand). Both men and women showed total ignorance of the clitoris, and one writer told the reporter indignantly: "Sex education is a filthy Jewish crime committed against Soviet youth."

A recent Moscow TV program which ran an interview with a cohabiting couple was inundated with telephone calls. Unmarried men and women can't even occupy the same hotel room. An engaged couple who tipped a hotel manager 50 roubles for a deluxe suite (and his discretion) were stopped at the lift by one of his matrons, who checked their passports and bellowed at the girl: "You must be honest, Miss! You're not married."

Such attitudes are ingrained. When Nikita Khruschev visited the United States in 1960, Twentieth Century-Fox thought they were giving him a treat by inviting him on the set of *Can-Can* to watch a high-kicking dance number. Instead, he was scandalised by the showgirls' knickers. "Immoral!" he declared. "A person's face is more beautiful than his backside." This was no political pose. The ex-head of a collective farm, just one step up from peasant, Khruschev was genuinely shocked at such a naked show of sexuality.

Even now, after *glasnost*, there's little nudity in Russian films, on TV or in books and magazines. Any that does surface, like the nudes of the Soviets' most respected figure photographer, Rimantas Dichavicius, is snapped up by the *nomenklatura*, the state's well-paid, well-educated middle management. Dichavicius's last book, of dewy blondes photographed in soft-focus among the dunes and pine woods of the Baltic coast, sold 10,000 copies. Yet to the average Russian reader, he's unknown.

On the other hand, American journalist George Feifer, for years a Moscow correspondent, finds Russian attitudes healthy, even admirable. They're "less needful of a quick lay to ease anxiety."

Sex, in fact, is everywhere in Russia; it's just a question of knowing where to look. British defector Guy Burgess complained to a visiting British MP, Tom Driberg, that after five years in Moscow, he'd been unable to find homosexual partners. Driberg, a keen "cottager" who combed London's public lavatories for two or three hours a day in search of young working-class men, promptly led Burgess to Moscow's well-frequented equivalent, an underground convenience behind the Metropole Hotel, "packed" said one writer, "with willing young Slavs."

But it's true that few visitors find a way to slip through the Russian curtain. Waiters at Moscow's Belgrad Hotel who blatantly sell black market currency to guests in the hotel dining room, spiriting away a napkin filled with dollars after the soup and returning it packed with roubles at dessert, will shake their heads in astonished refusal if you ask where you can find a girl. As in Victoria's England, however, the greater the public rectitude, the greater likelihood that much is going on out of sight. And London in 1900 harbored, it's estimated, one million prostitutes.

Officially, prostitution doesn't exist in the Soviet Union; the Revolution swept

> Sex, in fact, is everywhere in Russia; it's just a question of knowing where to look.

away such decadent western institutions. But those good-looking girls strolling up and down outside the Belgrad and other tourist hotels aren't waiting for a taxi. In fact, any public place in Moscow boasts its share of hookers, amateur and professional. Even in your hotel room, you're likely to get a call from one of the *devouchki*, English or French-speaking *poules de luxe* who ring rooms at random, hoping to strike a lonely visitor. Less expensive pick-ups hang out in cinema lobbies or railway stations. On the Leningradsky Station any night you'll find ladies, usually ravaged by vodka, lounging on the seats, legs crossed, idly tossing their feet to show their price chalked on the soles of their shoes.

People who can't score fall back on the tradition of asking a cab driver. Most begin negotiations by buying liquor (rationed to one bottle of vodka a month and two bottles of wine). For his "night rate" of 25 roubles, any Moscow cabbie will sell the code of a locker in the underground that contains two bottles of vodka. For a few roubles more, he'll provide someone to help drink it.

Once a deal is done, however, the punter faces a joyless poke against a tree in the freezing night or on the cab's back seat. The taxi girls' main clients are the famously randy, rowdy, hard-drinking Georgians, usually so pissed they don't know what they're doing or with whom, and who are unconcerned about screwing in the back of a cab cruising through nighttime Moscow.

Russians in general, while publicly prudish, are anything but shy among friends. One 20-year-old film student who shares a room with three other girls told *L'Evenement*: "We've installed shelves between the beds, in the living room. But sure, I get turned on when I'm reading and they're making love behind the shelves." The shortage of space and the deadly cold of Russia's winter forces people to do almost everything together. Among students in communal flats, among the rich in their country *dachas*, even among cleaners in carriages parked in railway yards around the city, wild parties are an institution. Warmth, company and vodka come first; the sex just happens, an agreeable adjunct, but far from the whole point.

Westerners are learning quickly that the commonest of the seven deadly sins in Eastern Europe isn't lust at all, but gluttony — mostly for the vodka, schnapps and slivovitz everyone consumes in liver-withering quantities. Following close behind is covetousness, which in Soviet Bloc countries, after half a century of bureaucracy and graft, is almost a religion. It took foreign visitors a long time to realise that, when someone asked you to drop your pants, they generally wanted your Levis, not what was inside them.

Many western entrepreneurs who couldn't wait to get into Eastern Europe a year ago are wondering, after repeated skinning by wily locals, if it's not time to get out. McDonalds, stuck with their agreement to use only Russian beef and wheat in their Moscow restaurant, have just doubled the price of their Big Mac, already so expensive that only tourists can afford it.

Frank Zappa is stalled on his two biggest deals: the bureaucrat who contracted for a book and film on Leningrad's art treasures turned out to have no authority, while a scheme to redevelop the Luzhniky Sports Complex, five kilometres of Moscow riverfront, into something called "Broadway" with video game parlors, pizza joints and boutiques (the Russians' ideas, incidentally, not Zappa's) collapsed when they doubled the asking price. And there are plenty more stories like his.

Obviously any Australian promoter thinking about Eastern Europe should proceed cautiously. But it's the boardroom, not the bedroom, where you will come unstuck. And could there be an audacious Aussie out there already? Now being published in Hungary is a new soft-core sex magazine. It's called *Oz*.

FAULT LINE

Continued from page 38

stalled a world-class paint shop at its Tonsley Park plant).

Anyway, in time Mitsubishi Australia reached quality standards to satisfy, if not impress, the Japanese. And the plant workers have an achievable aim: to build export-quality Magnas for the long-suffering Australian motorist.

A proud owner of a brand new Corolla got a nasty shock when he drove under the fluorescent lighting in his garage. There, beneath the paint on the bonnet, scrawled in Texta, was the name "Mario."

Consumers looking at new car warranties on offer in Australia must wonder how much faith the local car companies have in the products they sell. Of the Big Five, only Nissan Australia offers an extended warranty on its new vehicles — two years or 40,000 kms. Despite regular prodding from the motoring media, the others stick to the industry minimum of 12 months/20,000 kms.

The new car protection offered by Ford, Toyota, Holden and Mitsubishi is cheap compared with Nissan's, but positively Scrooge-like when lined up against the likes of Subaru and Lexus models, both covered by a three year/100,000km warranty. Imports generally have extended warranty periods, and it's easy to conclude that their manufacturers have greater belief in their products than do the local car makers.

Our car makers make a habit of publicly decrying quality surveys such as that published annually by the Automotive Industry Authority. Such data, they suggest, is out of date when it's released. Whenever a report suggests that such-and-such model is a bit of a turkey, you can count on the car company responsible launching an indignant and immediate defence along these lines: "Oh, that research stuff is 18 months old. Our build quality today is first-class, warranty claims for that model are way down, and customer satisfaction is at record levels . . ." And so on.

Government information designed to strengthen the industry has not been a success. To better prepare the local industry for a reduction in protectionism, the Button Car Industry Plan forced car makers to reduce the number of different local models from a cost-inefficient 13 to eight, triggering a rash of uncomfortable model-sharing arrangements among four of the five manufacturers. (Mitsubishi went it alone; the others played swapsies.)

So Toyota's Corolla emerged as the Holden Nova; the Holden Commodore also became the Toyota Lexcen; the Nissan Pintara was cloned as a Ford Corsair; and so on. Motorists have indicated they want greater differentiation in their cars, not a simple do-over model with an altered grille and new badge.

Creating an all-new model just for Australia is now an economic impossibility. The Ford Falcon, the last of the indigenous cars, will be based on one of Ford's "world cars" in its next incarnation. Ford Australia has understandably baulked at spending $700 million to develop the next-generation Falcon.

Marriages of convenience have produced plenty of shocks around the industry. Toyota dealers accustomed to reasonably high quality levels with their locally-made Camry and Corolla have all had nightmarish experiences with the Holden-built Lexcen. One Sydney dealer relates the story of a long-time customer and acquaintance who, after owning a succession of imported Cressidas over a ten-year period, swung across to a GLX Lexcen — a $37,000 purchase: "The air conditioning dropped its guts all over the carpet on the way home, then the deadlock system failed and he had to smash a window to get in, then the power windows fused . . . The guy still hates me. After ten years of trouble-free motoring, my customer reckons I've sold him a lemon. I can't tell him Lexcens and Commodores are usually this bad."

The line we keep hearing from the Labor Government is that its free trade doctrine will lead to cheaper, better cars for Australia, a scenario the vast majority of experts say simply won't happen. Certainly, the inevitability of further tariff cuts will put at risk an industry that employs more than 50,000 people and helps our balance of trade account to the tune of about $9 billion annually.

Removing protection could, the analysts say, shrink the domestic market by 20 to 40 percent. In truth, the Feds are hoping that a couple of car makers may just decide to shut up shop and abandon local manufacturing. Three local producers in a market of around 600,000 vehicles would probably operate more efficiently and more profitably, unless of course the drift to imported cars accelerates.

But morale within the Australian vehicle industry has sunk to a new low. The recession has led to the loss of thousands of jobs and, as well, that spectre of a freer Australian car market, and the uncertainty it could bring, looms larger than ever.

Instead of a shrinking quality gap between the domestics and the imports, the chasm is as wide as it's been for a decade. The best-built Australian car — at the moment it's probably a battle between the Ford Laser (assembled here mainly from Japanese components) and the Toyota Camry — falls a fair way short of its imported competition.

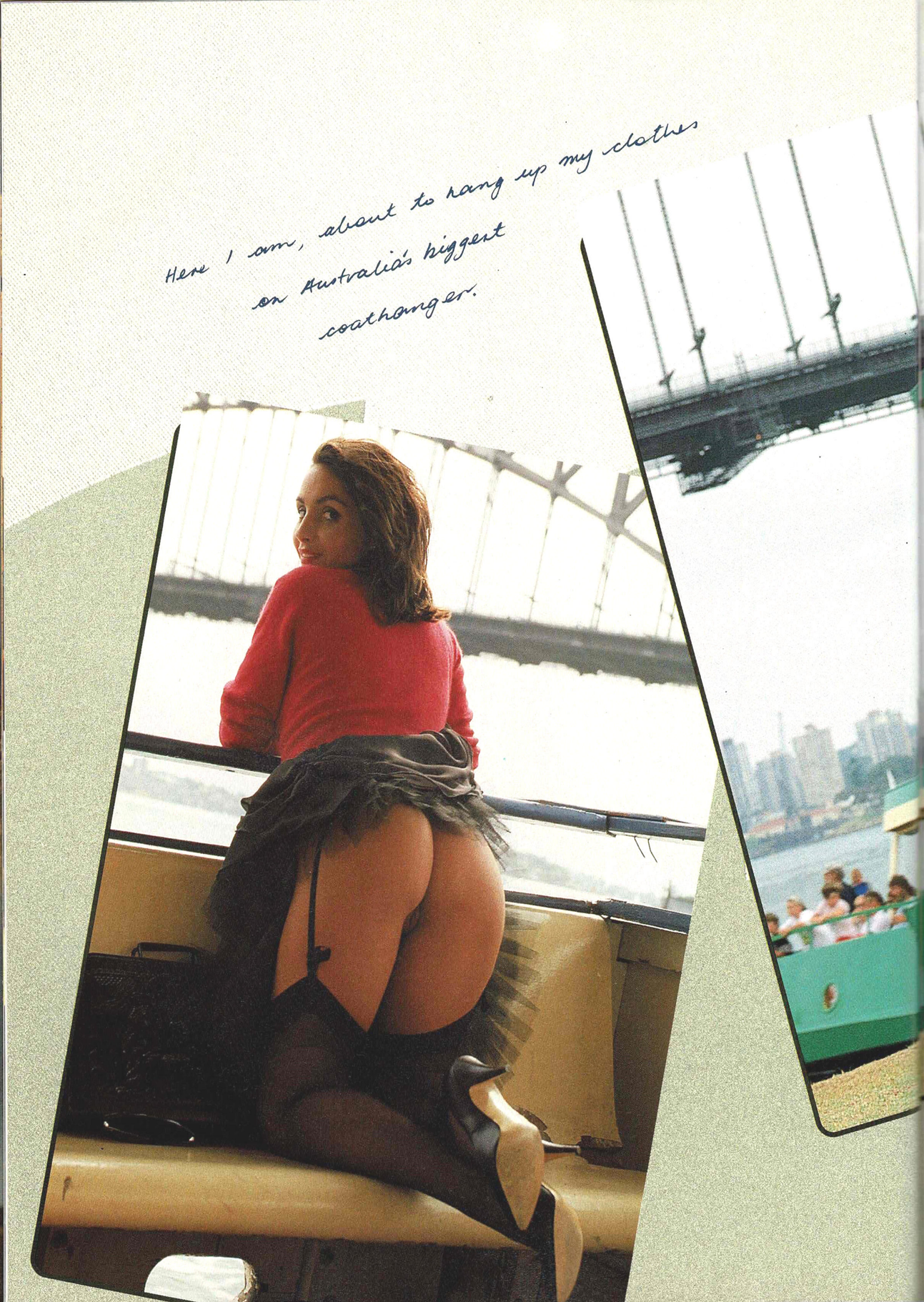
"Tell Pritchard to remember he's management. . . ."

POSTCARDS *from Sydney*

Hair, make-up and styling by Bambi; Black tulle and chiffon skirt by Rod Alexander, (02) 958 6314; Black leather mini-skirt, black leather jacket and black tooled handbag by Let It Rock, (02) 231 4640.

Hi, arrived in great shape and have been having a look-see. Have seen all the sights, but Sydneysiders have been doing their share of looking, too!

Here I am, about to hang up my clothes on Australia's biggest coathanger.



POSTCARDS
from Sydney

Me with the Opera House and at Doyles in Watsons Bay.
Talk about harbour views!

POSTCARDS *from Sydney*

at the Sydney art gallery they wanted to cast me in bronze. Beats being cast in the chorus line!

POSTCARDS *from Sydney*

POSTCARDS
from Sydney

Feel like a Tookeys or two?
Me, grinning and baring it at Woolloomooloo.
Ciao for now
Julie X

MORE RESE-ARCH

Your contributions to the MS Society have provided services and given us hope. More funds means more research. A cure could be only dollars away.

MS

Multiple Sclerosis.

ABCDEFG
HIJKL N
OPQR TU
VWXYZ

Ignore it and it won't go away.

MS

Multiple Sclerosis.

messenger

Continued from page 50

Cambodians owed their lives to the response generated by the documentary.

Pilger smiles, obviously pleased. "I suppose my most satisfying moment was when I came back from Cambodia and wrote about what I'd seen there, and my films were broadcast, and the combination of the articles and the films had a very considerable effect in many countries in alerting people to what had gone on in Cambodia with Pol Pot, and the dangers and privations facing the people there. I certainly felt that to be positive — that my work had an effect."

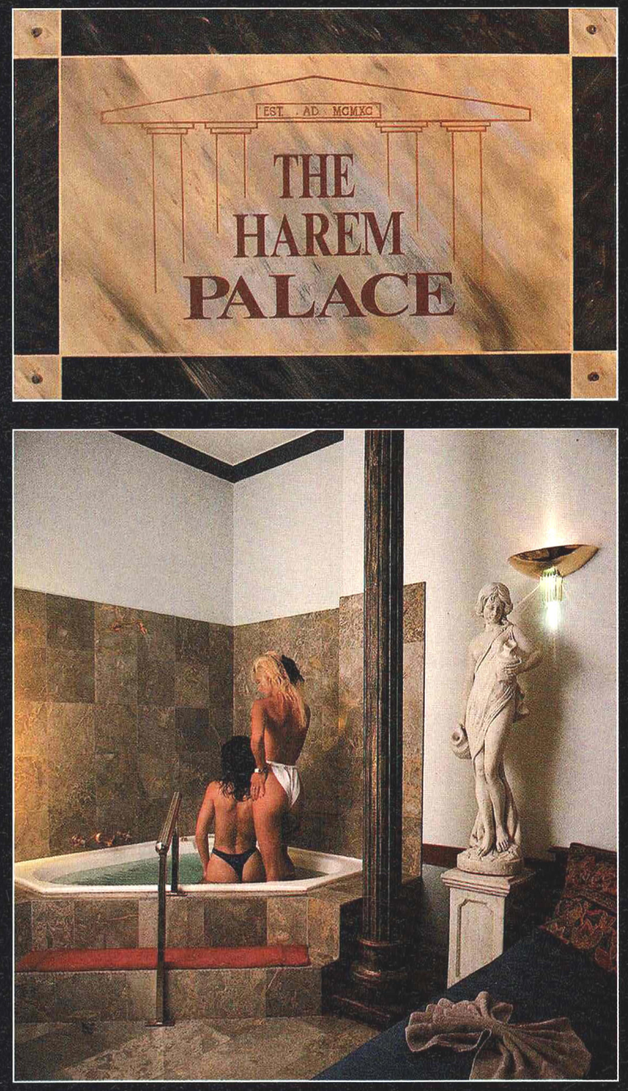
In the light of such achievements, criticism levelled by less dedicated people seems to amount to so much envy and petulance. Bruce Ruxton, State President of the RSL, wrote a letter to *The Australian* which included this gem: "Pilger seems to be a man with a chip on his shoulder and thank goodness he has dumped Australia and now lives in England, though for the life of me I don't know what England has done to deserve the likes of him."

Another trenchant critic is the former newspaper editor and broadcaster Red Harrison, who dislikes Pilger so much he feels compelled to review all of his books. On *Heroes*, Harrison writes: "In addition to his many admirable qualities, the pilgrim Pilger is also a great hater." And on *A Secret Country*, he extends his eulogy to: "The whole book simmers with an unremitting rage that betrays — like the antics of Barry Humphries and the utterances of Germaine Greer — a passionate distaste for the country." Is it a passionate distaste for his country that Pilger displays, or a passionate distaste for the way in which the country is being run?

Pilger pulls his impressively large and porous nose between his thumb and forefinger and blinks. "Journalism has many roles, many roles. I do believe in the notion of the Fourth Estate — journalism is something which is there to alert people to the misdeeds of authority in society. But it generally doesn't play this role at all. Perhaps it's a romantic notion, but that's what I believe it ought to be. I believe a journalist should tell people when they're being conned. Journalists should place themselves on the side of their readers, viewers and listeners. It's about taking complex issues and translating them, not bludgeoning people with waffle they don't understand.

"It's always been a struggle getting into print the kind of article that I want to see published. But then, if there wasn't a struggle, I wouldn't be writing the kinds of articles I want to see published. I think that the tension that comes from that reinforces you as a journalist. There is nothing worse than a complacent journalist. I'd rather journalists

Continued on page 118



Every picture tells a story and this is ours

This picture was taken entirely on location at The Harem Palace.

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advisor

Candid counsel on everything you wanted to know about sex but couldn't find anyone to ask

Trouble with fur

I have thick hair all over my chest and on my shoulders and some on my back. Some women find this a turn-on. A few consider it repulsive, however, and I don't understand why. What's wrong with body hair? The woman I'm keen on finds me "too disgustingly hairy" to have sex with. What can I do?

What we're talking about here isn't just hair but erotic signals. Each person is programmed a little differently; one person's turn-on is another's turn-off. If the turn-on potential is large, we call the signal a fetish.

If the turn-off potential is large, we call it an aversion. It seems that the woman you are interested in has an aversion to profuse body hair. Fat and too much body hair are common turn-offs for women (as they are for men, too). So unless you want to wait around while she undergoes analysis — or are prepared to get your torso waxed — you might not be destined for physical fireworks with her.

Bare stare

I really wish my girlfriend would flash her breasts in public — I reckon it would be a huge turn-on. Is it normal to want this? She won't do it — she doesn't understand why I like the idea.

The annals of sex trivia are not filled with men who want their girlfriends to flash their breasts. Women show so much of their breasts anyway, it hardly seems worth the bother.

It is common for a guy to be proud of his girl's sexual attractiveness and wish to show it off, which might be what you're doing here. But it's her body and if she wants to keep it under wraps in public, that's her business, not yours. Why don't you compromise and go to the beach together?

Pulling out

My girlfriend likes me to pull out at the last minute and come on her body during sex. She wants me to do it every time. Is this normal?

Some women get very excited watching a man come on their bodies. Besides, it feels good. If she's just discovered it, she might be enjoying a new sensation. But if she wants you to do it every time, it's unfair — you need variety. Is she using withdrawal as a form of birth control perhaps? If she is, the two of you may soon be facing an unwanted pregnancy — it's not a very effective method.

Losing interest

I've been going out with a woman I really like for two months. She said our sex life was terrific, but I suspected she was faking it, so eventually I asked her about it. She admitted she had been, saying the only way she could come was if I hit her during sex. I was shocked, but I said I'd try. But I couldn't. She didn't want a little slap, she wanted me to hit her really hard. There was no way I could do that — I lost my hard-on and lost interest, which made her angry and frustrated. What do I do?

Difficult. Some people, for whatever reason, enjoy, and even need, pain to feel turned on. It seems she hid the fact until she felt she knew you well enough to tell you about it. She asked, you tried, fair enough. But it's not up to her to be angry with you for not making — or wanting to make — a very difficult sexual adjustment. Have you tried all the usual approaches to female orgasm? If being hit hard is the only stimulus she responds to, and if you hate the idea, then you might just have to shrug this one off as genuine incompatibility. Or, if you want to stay together, ask her if she might consider seeing a sex therapist.

Bisexual or not

I'm 34, unmarried and I think I might be bisexual, but I'm not sure. I'd like to experiment sexually with another man, but I've no idea where to look for such a person or how to go about it. I'm quite shy.

You could try going to an upmarket gay bar, ordering a drink and sitting down. Everybody there will know whether or not you're on the make, and somebody will approach you. But if you're shy, sitting in unfamiliar gay bars waiting to be picked could be daunting. I reckon your best bet is to contact a good agency, explain your problem and engage the services of a professional. They'll know exactly how to handle it. It might dent your credit card, but the fact that there is a financial transaction involved means that you can backtrack or change your mind at any stage.

In a rut

I've been trying, for some time, to get my husband to do something different, like tie me up for fun before we make love. But he won't. He laughs, as though it's a silly joke. Once I even brought home some rope, but he told me not to be stupid. He won't vary our routine. He says that since it works and we're familiar with it, why alter it?

How boring. A long-term couple needs to experiment together if their sex life isn't going to become routine. Sounds like yours has, because he's too complacent to make an effort to do anything different. You need to get him to snap out of it. Prepare a surprise for him — a special dinner with champagne first to soften him up; then blindfold him and take him to bed. Make sure that whatever you do is different and also incredibly nice. Take it from there.

Clothes on

I love to make love to a woman with her clothes on. Nothing turns me on more than a short, tight skirt, garter belt and bikinis. And I love high heels. So knowing this, you understand that even if my girlfriend isn't in garters and stockings, I still like to make love to her when she's got some clothes on. But she says this is perverse.

What's perverse about it? It's normal — a little clothing is often more erotic than none. Some people associate sexual inhibition with making love in the dark or being fully clothed. They therefore think all good, healthy sex is performed by fully nude couples in bright light. Some people may also think that an affinity to certain kinds of clothing is fetishistic, which might make them nervous. Your girlfriend might fall into this category. Reassure her. She should be grateful that you enjoy variety in your sex life.

Girl talk

I suspected my girlfriend was seeing another man, so I had a look around her place while she was at the shop. I found letters — from another woman! They are obviously having some sort of affair. I can't believe this. Is it common? What do I do?

Whether or not bisexuality is common isn't the point. You've got off on the wrong footing because of your lack of respect for her privacy. If you suspected her, you should have approached her first, before snooping. Now you either have to pretend you didn't snoop, and therefore you know nothing of her affair (very difficult), or confess that you snooped so that you can ask her about it. I suggest you do the latter. If you have been under the impression that your relationship with her was sexually exclusive to yourselves, and she did not tell you otherwise, then she, too, has some explaining to do.

But ask yourself some questions: are you upset because you don't want to share her, or are you upset because it's another woman? Would you feel different if it was another man? Or are you upset simply because this is unfamiliar territory? You need to have a talk to your girlfriend, but don't do it when you are upset or angry or likely to make accusations. Stay calm, keep an open mind, talk to her nicely. She might just forgive you for prying into her private life.

Taboo

I'm a 38-year-old guy and I've always been close to my aunt, who's 46. Since her husband died, I've often been around to her place to help with the garden and maintenance. One evening we got drunk and ended up in bed together, and we've been sleeping together ever since. I'm feeling confused, and don't know what to do from here.

What do you want to do? Of all the sexual taboos, incest is one of the strongest. Is the sex worth the psychological price you both will pay? Quite frankly, if you haven't already, I think you should seek therapy.

Braces

My wife is 27, blonde, sexy. I am 40. We had a great sex life until she decided to get the dental work her parents couldn't afford when she was a kid. Now she's in braces. They snag my pubic hair when she gives

head. Whenever I look at my sexy wife, I see a mouthful of metal. It turns me off. What happens if I become impotent?

How selfish. Look, you could shave your pubes, if the snagging bothers you, or make love in the dark if the metal glints in your eyes. What happens if you become impotent? Your dick won't stand up, that's what. But I don't think that will be your wife's fault, somehow. Perhaps having her teeth corrected is a source of happiness for her. Perhaps she's trying to make herself even more desirable — won't she be even more beautiful and sexy once it's complete?

Embarrassed

Whenever I make love to my boyfriend, in certain positions I have a problem with my vagina, which makes loud farting noises. My boyfriend says he doesn't mind but I get incredibly embarrassed and don't want to do it in those positions any more. What can I do?

Relax and ignore it. It happens to everybody. Most people just have a giggle and keep going. Some women even say it feels nice. You've no cause to be embarrassed. If you're intimate enough with your boyfriend to be fucking in the first place, then you're also intimate enough to cope with body noises, burps, hiccups, etc. If he says he doesn't mind, what's the problem? Don't stop enjoying sex with him because of something so small.

Condom crazy

I don't know if I'm nuts or what, but I like condoms. I find them a huge turn-on — I think it's the rubber, although other rubber (raincoats, for instance) doesn't do the same thing. My girlfriend doesn't like condoms. She says they make sex less intimate for her. She can't see why I find them so incredible.

Most people don't go crazy about condoms as a turn-on. Most people, if they use them, do so because it's necessary or advisable for safe sex. It seems a harmless enough fetish, so do some trading with your girlfriend. If she'll put up with the odd condom here and there, you'll do for her whatever she desires, etc, etc. Try some funny ones to amuse her — glow-in-the-dark ones, flavored ones or retreads. Have fun.

dates from hell

Continued from page 54

the past.

But that's not all. Datebusters also has ways of dealing with those situations where you've lied to a date in order to — dare we say it? — bolster your image. For instance, you may have told her you're an astronaut in training. She's really impressed. You can sense her toes curling with excitement. Then you see the horrid fizzog of your supervisor from the Fruit and Veg department at Coles hoving into view. A quick bleep to Datebusters would see the interloper carted away in a straitjacket or arrested for espionage. We can even get an actor to turn up as a fellow astronaut to further enhance your image. (In extreme cases, Datebusters will arrange a complete identity change as part of our Dater Protection Program.)

Obviously, Datebusters has very broad boundaries of operation. But there are in fact only six major categories of disaster dates from Hell. These are:

(1) THE JAGGED EDGE DATE
Characterised By: A slow but inevitable meandering into psychosis. The lovely lady starts off seeming perfectly normal — perhaps a little vivacious, but this can be attributed to the martinis they have both drunk. He doesn't even mind her obsessive muttering as she rips up the table napkins — until he notices they're linen. Two and a half drinks bring about in her a complete personality change involving speaking in tongues and loss of bladder control. He finds himself caught up in a plot to murder her ex-boyfriend.
Tends To End With: Him explaining to a phalanx of police officers that he doesn't know her that well, that he is not her husband, etc; or a nightmare of a party out in the boonies with her "friends", who are a pack of whacko losers, one of whom has stolen his car; or with her sobbing: "Don't you find me attractive?" as he tries to escape from her deadlocked apartment at three o'clock in the morning.

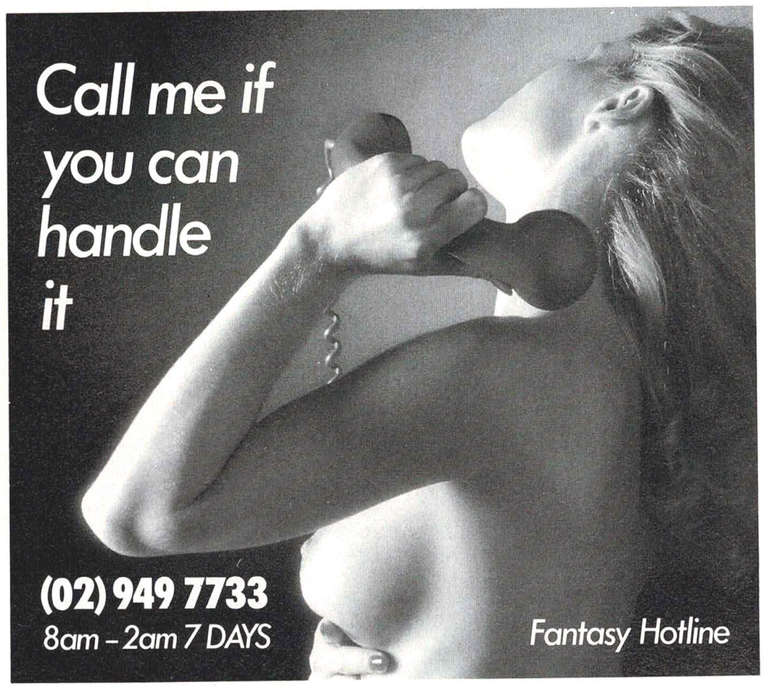
(2) THE N-N-NERVOUS DATE
Characterised By: His touching desire to please and impress the lady, with whom he thinks he may be in love. His voice sounds hollow and false to his own burning ears. Cliches overwhelm his befuddled brain. He seems suddenly unable to articulate any of his feelings and opinions. He speaks in spoonerisms, as in: "What do you think about smug drugglers?" He keeps contradicting himself in order to make her like him. The waiters seem to be sneering at him. He worries about impotence. He accidentally pours pepper all over his dinner. He gets up to go the dunny for a discreet anxiety attack and trips over the table. He looks in the toilet mirror and realises that he's probably the ugliest man in the Southern Hemisphere. He thinks he had a nerve even asking her out, and he's continually worried about the hair on his bum.
Tends To End With: Abject failure. He either drinks himself into oblivion, or lies awake re-choreographing the entire evening: if only he'd asked her where she was from before he started airing his opinions on Westies/Queenslanders/Kiwis; if only he hadn't told her he'd always wanted to be a gynaecologist; etc.

(3) THE SPRUNG DATE
Characterised By: His vague uneasiness that something dire is about to happen; a feeling that this could be his last date ever. His companion keeps asking what the matter is. (There's a scene in a liqueur ad where a woman chucks said liqueur in faithless spouse's dial. In times of economic strain she is more likely to save decent plonk by throwing acid over him.) There's the harpy-like screeching, the acute embarrassment, the foolish attempt to be "adult" about the whole sordid episode, the lurid sexual insults, the upturned tables and the something-has-just-given sensation at the bottom of his stomach.
Tends To End With: A punch-up, or him being left alone to have a chat with the bouncers while the betrayed party buggers off to tell her best friend about what a bastard he is. Guilt. Remorse.

(4) THE MORPHEUS DATE
Characterised By: Clockwatching. Half the conversation is threaded out through yawns. His foot goes to sleep. Her head goes to sleep. He nearly drowns in the soup bowl. She makes up wild excuses: "Good heavens, is it eight o'clock already? Did I tell you I have to be at the airport to meet an old friend of mine?"
Tends To End With: Tears of gratitude and beaming smiles of relief, along with a sudden renewed burst of energy. A mutual conviction that they have just had dinner with some form of psychic vampire. Or, in cases of extreme frustration, a mercy fuck.

(5) THE PHALLOCENTRIC DATE
Characterised By: His absolute bloody-minded determination to score. He wants her so badly and he's so keen to have her wanting him that he doesn't listen to a word she says. In just under half an hour he has told her: his three funniest anecdotes; that he was in the champion debating team at school; the story about the fight when there were ten of them and one of him; his thoughts on the Middle East crisis; his solution to the world's ills; that he was the swimming champion in Year Eleven; that he's not sure why he's so popular with girls; and that he is his own boss.
Tends To End With: Him going home for a solitary wank and her belting off to ring her girlfriends to tell them what a wanker he is.

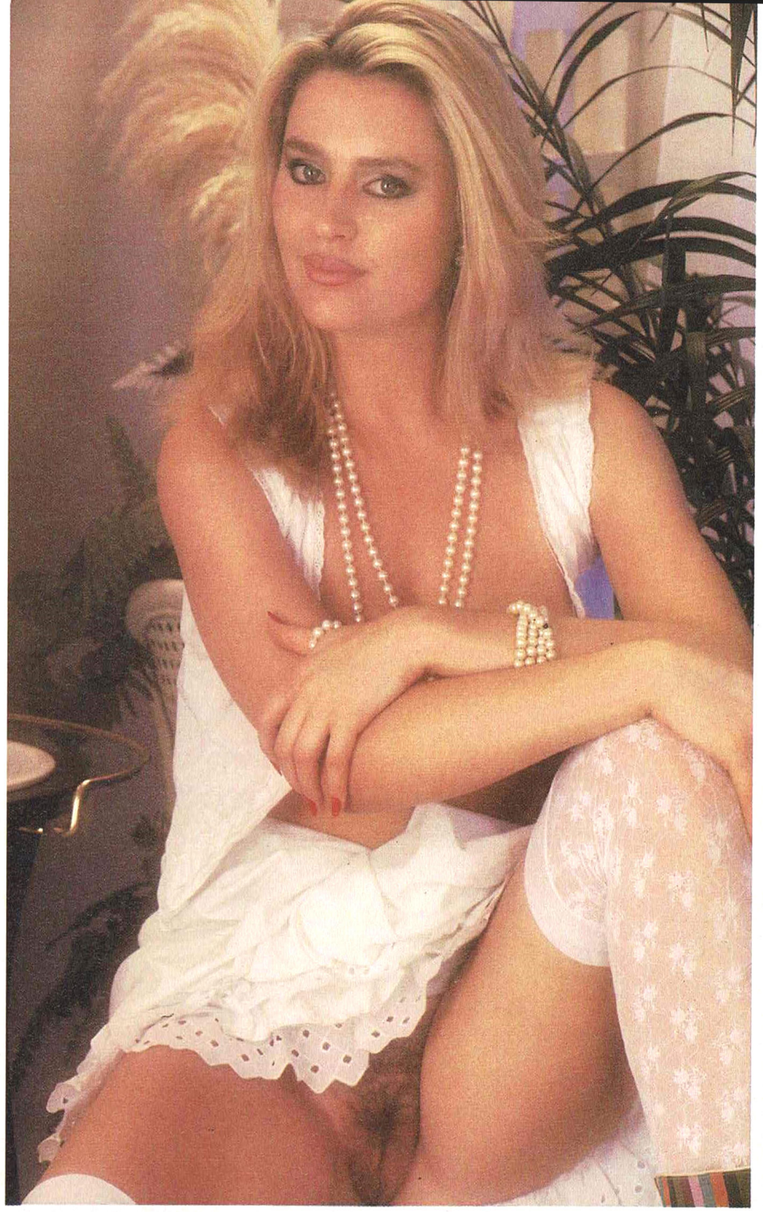
(6) THE ARMAGEDDON DATE
Characterised By: A combination of all of the above dates. She's psycho, he behaves like a wanker in retaliation, both are dying of extreme nervousness, he's sprung, and when he's trying to recover afterwards, she bores him into a coma.
Tends To End With: Both parties moving interstate.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DANIEL MAYOR

"I like to dress for sex," says Kathleen Goodwin, 23. "I have a fantasy wardrobe of lingerie, pretty petticoats and lace. Depending on my mood, or the mood I wish to create between myself and my lover, I'll choose sweet white frills, black leather, tarty red tutus — whatever."

My Fair Lady



"Here I'm in my Eliza Doolittle gear — all dressed up like a prim little miss with naughty intentions. It makes me feel so feminine — naive but not innocent — and I get very excited. I never take everything off — a little clothing goes a long way, erotically."

Kathleen confesses that she also enjoys unusual clothing in unusual circumstances. "The most exciting thing that happened to me was when I was in a wetsuit once, and the guy I was diving with really did go down. He couldn't get at me, so he cut my wetsuit with his knife, first. It was an incredibly intense experience!"

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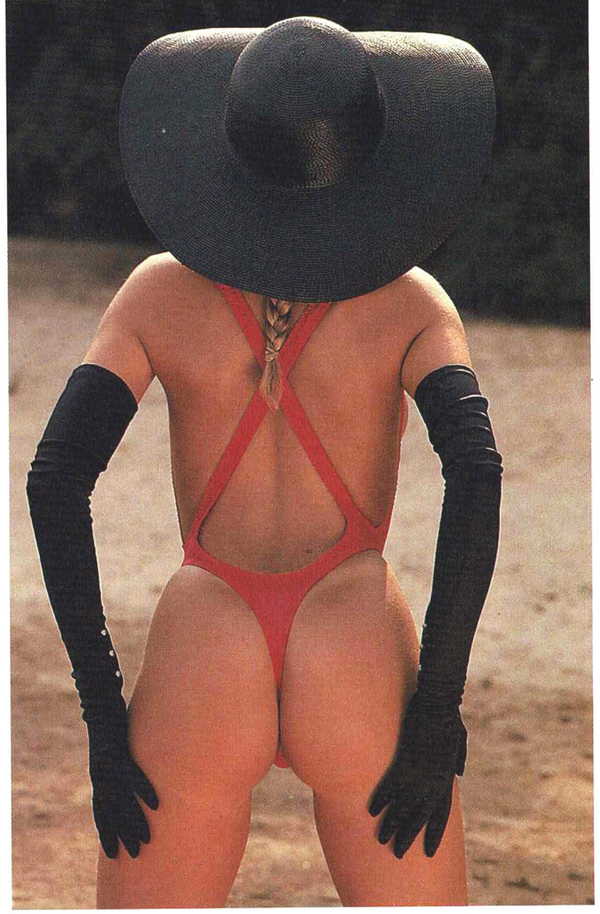
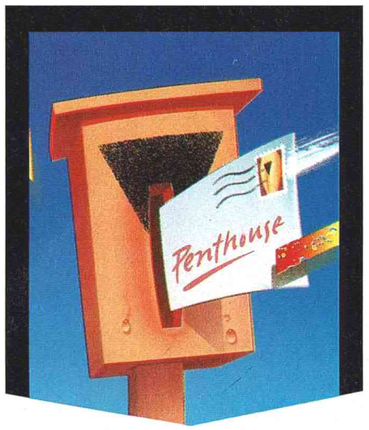
NOMAD

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HANK LONDONER

"I was named Daisy after the heroine of *The Great Gatsby*, but I'm not like her at all," says Daisy Gibb, 18. "I'm no hothouse flower! I like to get out and about, to have fun. I'm quite an assertive person — well, nobody ever described me as shy!" One thing Daisy does love is to be near water. Her favorite ways of relaxing include fishing, swimming, sailing and idling about on the jetty near her home.



Daisy is about to head off travelling for a while. A budding photographer, she wants to drift around the world, stopping at all the best places. Daisy has no plans to settle down or find a job. "I'm too young and I want to be a nomad for a few years yet. There's so much to explore."



forum

Continued from page 8

passionate love to her.

Tania loved it. She sighed and spread her legs much wider apart. She told me to slide my finger up inside her. Then she begged me to tell her what sort of horny things I had dreamed of doing to her. As I slid my finger between her labia and thrust it slowly in and out of her moistening vagina, I began to describe my fantasies. I told Tania how I'd dreamed of having her sit on my face so that I could fuck her pussy with my tongue. Then, how I had imagined rolling her on to her back and driving my prick deep inside her.

Tania was getting hotter by the minute. She began to rock her hips in time to my thrusts. She whimpered and began tugging at my erection. That was my cue. I scrambled on top of her and plunged my dick between her labia.

Tania shuddered as the throbbing pole pierced her flesh, sliding deeper and deeper inside. Then, when I was buried up to the hilt, she let out an impassioned sigh and grabbed me by the scalp. "You delicious bastard!" she groaned.

I began to thrust, feeding my cock to her pussy with soft deliberate strokes. Each time our crotches met I'd grind my pubes into her clitoris and bring her ever closer to her orgasm. Yet I was already well on my way to reaching my own climax. Just having my throbbing cock inside the woman I'd been fantasising about was sending me over the edge. But I fought off the orgasm until Tania finally began to come.

Her thighs lifted off the mattress and she cried out as the semen came flying from my cock. I kept pounding until finally Tania locked her legs around my waist and we began gasping and rolling back and across the bed, consumed with pleasure.

Of course, being friends, we knew that sex could never become a regular thing between us. In fact, we have only screwed once since. All the same, it's been lots of fun. — *Name and address withheld*

Training exercise

At the age of 30 and after seven years of marriage, with sex confined to my husband, I believed that it was unlikely I would stray. I knew that on his frequent business trips my husband managed to get his seven or so inches between someone else's legs, but it didn't worry me a bit. He often told me I should take another guy while he was away, but I wasn't really interested.

One night last autumn, when my husband was overseas, I was at a beachside barbecue. To my amusement, a lusty young lad of 19 named Gary took a shine to me, bringing me drinks and food. He told me he was a member of his lifesaving club's surfboat crew.

He offered to drive me home. On the way he stopped at one of the beaches and began to get amorous. I was amused by his gaucherie. He put his arm around my neck and kissed me and immediately started to fondle my breasts. I let him play around a little and didn't object when he unfastened my bra and felt for my nipples. I even let him put his hand up my leg and finger my pussy, but when he tried to take my panties off I pushed him away. As flattered as I was by his desire, I just wasn't interested.

But I did reach down and unzip his trousers and take out his steel-hard cock. I felt a flutter between my legs and for a brief moment I was almost tempted to say "what the hell" and let him fuck me, but I wasn't really interested.

It was as well I didn't. I had been gently massaging his cock for all of ten seconds when it spurted hot spunk all over my dress and his trousers. If I'd let him fuck me I doubt he would have even gotten it in before he came and I would have been left high and wet!

He rang me the following week and said he would like to bring his surfboat buddies to meet me on Friday. I was free, so I said okay.

Four of them arrived on Friday night, all about 18 or 19, bronzed, fit and fine examples of Australian lifesavers. Gary had obviously told them about our session at the beach and there were plenty of ribald remarks plus some real men's room yarns as we sat around having a few beers.

I was in the kitchen getting some cans when Tom, the team's sweep, came up behind me and put his arms around me and cupped my tits. He pressed against me and I could feel his erection pressing my back. He put his head on my shoulder and whispered in my ear: "I want to fuck you."

I looked towards the other lads and said: "Do you, now? And what are you going to do with the others?" He said: "They want to fuck you too."

He slipped his hands down my body to my mound and started humping against me. I should have been indignant, but I wasn't. Instead I felt my cunt throbbing and becoming moist. He led me back to the loungeroom and I thought he was going to send the other guys out, but he unzipped the back of my dress and pushed it off my shoulders. "We are going to fuck this lady," he announced, proceeding to take off my bra and panties. "Come on Gary, you're first, you found her."

I was so excited at having four pairs of eyes scanning my tits and cunt, and at the prospect of the guys watching me being fucked, that I welcomed Gary when he dropped his trousers and offered me his rampant cock. I got down on the carpet and let him fuck me. I got even more excited when I saw the other three watching us and rubbing their cocks.

Gary's fuck wasn't any more stimulating than I expected, but by the time he had come, Tom had stripped and was waiting. My mouth watered as freely as my cunt was juicing when I saw his erection. His uncircumcised prick pointed to the ceiling and was pulsating rhythmically. I sucked in my breath as Tom rammed his full length into me. Gary's jism provided real Castrol GTX lubrication as Tom's prick penetrated to the very depths of my vagina. I pushed my cunt up at him as it hungrily gobbled every inch of his bloodthirsty cock. Tom became more and more vigorous as the fuck went on. I shuddered and shook and came while Tom finally came with a series of mighty heaves that left me panting.

Then I noticed that the third guy was kneeling beside me with his cock standing up. I didn't think I could take it, but I knew it would be cruel not to let him have his joy. To my surprise his entry gave me an entirely new sensation. It confirmed something I had once heard. A friend who's into group sex told me a girl could enjoy half a dozen different cocks at one session more than the same guy three times.

In no time at all I was enjoying guy number three as if it was the first fuck of the night. His cock seemed to be touching places in my love-tunnel the others hadn't reached and his rhythm was entirely different. I could feel his massive balls ramming against me with each stroke.

It was the same with number four. He was entirely different from the previous three and I enjoyed him just as much. I had the feeling I could fuck all night with a different guy each time. Having these four was an absolutely divine experience and I resolved that I would have to repeat it in the future.

When they were leaving, Tom cuddled me and kissed me. "Wonderful training to strengthen the back muscles of a surfboat crew," he said.

I told my husband I had played up while he was away and he was delighted. When I gave him the full story he said: "Trust you to break out with a gang bang!"

That season, the boys won most of their races. — *Name and address withheld*

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forum

Basking in it

We met in a secluded field. The sun was nearly kissing the evening horizon, the warm breeze was full of that earthy, musky scent that only those fortunate to live outside the urban rat race know and the quiet whispering of the leaves in the weeping willow overhead added the final touch to the most romantic scene.

We lay there, both naked. I knew I had to have her and have her now.

Without a word being spoken I managed to move myself to a position of dominance. I could feel instantly that this is what she had been waiting for as she frantically thrust her pelvis at my approaching organ. We both gasped as contact was followed by entry. I moved slowly at first, inch by inch, until I was fully inside her. Then, as the sexual tension rose, we began the ultimate in sex. Although inexperienced, she approached every change of position with enthusiasm, moaning with despair every time I withdrew to prevent myself from ejaculating too early, thus spoiling the exquisite pleasure by ending it all too soon.

As sexual tension heightened towards its inevitable mind-blowing climax, it was all I could do to hold out until the moment we had both been waiting for could coincide. As it did we rolled together in the now damp grass as the last deep orange glows of the long-set sun melted into the darkness of approaching night. As we lay there still entwined in an amorous embrace I kissed her long and lovingly and whispered how good it had been. She tenderly and sensuously licked my inner ear and whispered: "BAAAAAA." Then she trotted off to rejoin the flock. — *Name and address withheld*

Private dancers

For some time now I have had this infatuation with women. I can't stop thinking about them. Last night my husband and I went to a new bar that has live nude entertainment. I was horny before we went in, and as soon as I entered I knew I was in for a real treat.

Dancing on raised platforms were two beautiful women: Erin, a very attractive blonde with a completely shaved pussy, the sight of which made my cunt wet; and a luscious brunette named Nickie, who had a mouth-wateringly hard body and pussy lips that were nicely shaved with just a soft little patch of hair above them. I wanted them both badly and my mouth ached to taste them. I paid extra to move to a private area in the back of the club so they could dance exclusively for my husband and me. Little did I know what I was really getting into.

I watched closely as the music started up and Nickie fingered her pussy just inches from my face. I knew I was not supposed to touch, but I couldn't resist. I leaned forward, smelling the sensual mixture of sweat and sex, and gently began to rub her glistening thigh. Before I could stop myself I started licking her sweet, creamy snatch and could her hear moan with pleasure. I could see juices dripping from her pussy as I sucked on her clit. Suddenly I felt her body tense up. I knew she was on the verge of exploding when she began to pump her hips hard against my face.

Seconds later she began to shake with an orgasm, sinking slowly to her knees. My face was covered with her juices and we embraced.

As Nickie got up she asked where my husband and Erin were. I didn't know, but as I turned around I saw them across the room. Erin was on her back with my husband's face buried in her cunt. After she erupted in orgasm, I watched him fill her with his hard cock, fucking her with long deep strokes. I could tell he loved it because within minutes he exploded deep into her hot box.

He dressed quickly and came over to me.

My panties were soaked from all that I'd seen and done, so we decided to go home and finish the job. We told the girls we would be back next week, but that is a whole different story. — *Name and address withheld*

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Cupboard love

I had just returned from an extended overseas trip and was staying in Sydney with my brother. He worked for an airline and it was only about three days after returning that he dragged me along to a work party. It was down at Cronulla at a unit along the beachfront and it was fancy dress. I did not have much to get dressed up in. All I had was a "lollipop" coat and a mask. This mask was a full face one — I spent the entire evening drinking through a straw. It was a likeness of a leering man, colored entirely white, very much like Max Headroom with a lop-sided, lecherous grin. I got hold of a baggy pair of white cricket trousers and went along looking a bit like an English cricket dandy, with the mask.

I did not know anyone at the party but had a nice enough time talking and marvelling at some of the costumes. Guys in gorilla suits, girls in police outfits, that sort of thing.

I had been there a few hours when I went to the fridge to get another drink. Probably because I was half-cut, a bottle fell out of the door and ended up broken on the lino floor. I found a broom and dustpan in a large cupboard under the stairs, cleaned up the mess and returned the gear to the cupboard. As I was hanging up the broom in the far corner of the cupboard, someone came in behind me. It was a girl I had not noticed at the party before. She was dressed as a cowgirl with a short skirt and tassels hanging off her blouse. She was about 20 years old and was quite attractive. I was struck by her healthy tan and the prominent curve of her breasts. She shut the cupboard door, effectively trapping me in there with her, and began babbling in a manner for which I was not prepared.

She was a little bit nervous at first but she seemed to be driven by an uncontrollable, almost animalistic, desire.

"God that mask turns me on! Who are you? You don't know what that mask is doing to me!" Her breathing was heavy and she just stood at the closed door firing questions at me and telling me what she wanted me to do.

I was stunned, to say the least. I had just spent three years in the winters of Canada and I was still getting used to the tans and the topless bikinis of Oz again. And suddenly, here was this complete stranger making all sorts of suggestions to me under a staircase!

Her breasts were full and pouting and as my eyes became accustomed to the dim light, I could see her nipples straining against her blouse. Her arms were brown and bare to the shoulder, her waist flat and her legs slender and nicely tanned. I stammered out a few really stupid replies, but the sound of my voice seemed to drive her further over the edge.

Her hips began to pump, pushing her pussy towards me in tiny movements, back and forward, back and forward. Despite the unusual surroundings I began to get aroused. A bulge began to swell from my groin. Suddenly she caught sight of my expanding cock and lost all self control: "Oh fuck me," she begged. "Fuck me here and now! Whoever you are, just fuck me!"

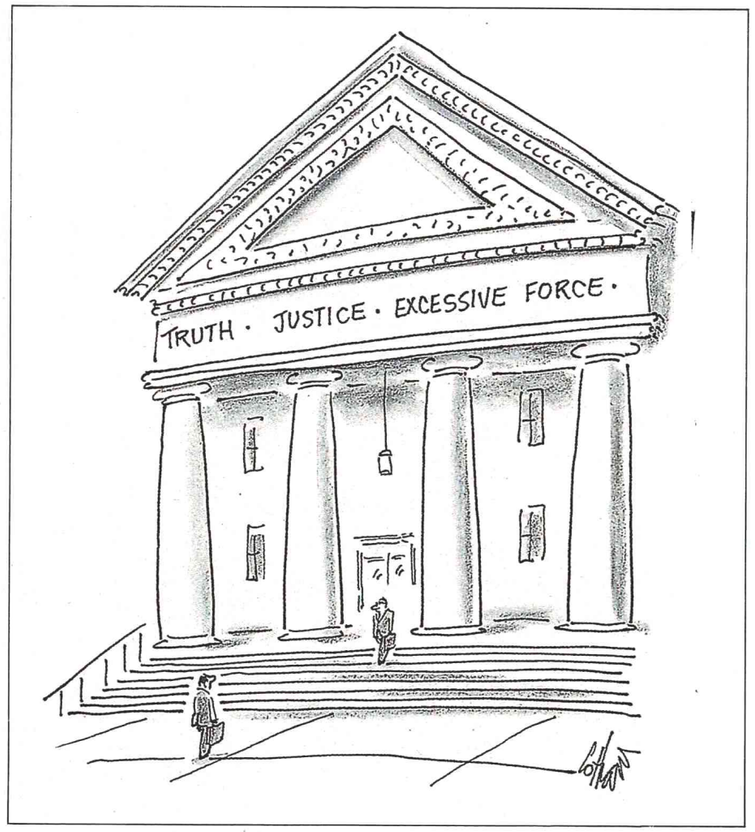
She sat down on a stack of cartons, her back against the wall, her legs outstretched and parted. She kept looking at me as she pulled her skirt up around her waist, all the time urging me on: "Come on, fuck me. Oh, stick it in. Come on, come on. . ."

My cock had become rock hard and was making my baggy trousers look like a circus tent. I took a step closer to her. Her hips were gyrating and her breathing was ragged. The lifting of her dress revealed a black, lacy body suit that clipped open at the crotch. Deftly she undid it and revealed a swollen pussy and the barest patch of pure white skin set off by the brownness of her tan and her honey brown hair. Her inner lips were squeezing out from her pubic hair and they glistened.

I felt another surge in my cock. I still couldn't believe it. Suddenly as if I were in a dream, I began fumbling with the unfamiliar buttons on the fly of my trousers. This woman was beginning to moan, interspersed with small whimpers as she breathed. Her fingers were buried in her pussy and working feverishly in and out. "See how wet I am for you. . . Oh, God! Put it in, put it in! I want to feel you in me!"

Finally I got my buttons undone. My trousers dropped to the floor and my pole stuck straight up out of my jocks, its head peeking over the waistband. I stood there and looked down at her — she was undoing her blouse to expose a magnificent set of breasts barely contained in her body suit. She caught sight of my rigid cock and gasped: "Oh yes, come on, ooohhhh yeess!" The cupboard was suddenly filled with a heavy, musky scent — her scent.

I dropped my jocks and stepped closer to her. My breathing was getting out of control and my knees were shaking. Immediately she reached out, grasped my cock and pulled me to her. She rubbed her clit and swollen lips with the head of my cock, encircled by her thumb and little fin-



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ger, with the three middle fingers running up and down the underside of my shaft. She had to bend it down a fair way to get it to her pussy so I dropped to my knees. She was so wet I easily slid backwards and forwards along her pussy — her lips were so thick that they wrapped around my cock's head like treacle. Every now and again I could hear her slick, wet, slurping sounds.

This preliminary lasted for what seemed an eternity. She reached up and exposed her full, rounded breasts by tucking the body suit between them. Her nipples were as brown as berries and they stood out rock-hard. "Oh touch them, touch my boobs," she moaned. As I reached out she arched her back, bringing her breasts to my hands. They were warm and firm. The angle of her hips brought my cock to the entrance of her vagina. I tensed my bum and shoved forward, sliding into her so easily I was jolted by the pleasure. She was so hot and velvety smooth I would have lost it completely had I not been in such a "different" place. She reached behind my neck and began to grind herself on to me — up and down, side to side. My cock was like a steel pole and she was doing her best to stir up her insides with it. I could feel her juices oozing down the base of my cock and over my balls. Every time she bottomed out, her thick lips scudded over the hairs around the base of my cock.

I was in heaven. This woman was using my cock for her gratification as she grunted and humped herself on me. She began kissing my mask, inserting her tongue into the small hole for the mouth. Her tongue only got in about half an inch and I felt it with my tongue. She went crazy, bucking against me, bottoming out and flicking the head of my cock over her cervix. Gingerly I held her tongue with my teeth and she began to come. She got my cock into herself as deep as it would go and ground on to me. "Push into me! Come on, push into me," she moaned as she grabbed my bum to get me deeper still. Her legs were splayed wide, her left foot banging the door of the cupboard. An uncontrollable shaking started in her hips and abdomen. She bucked and shuddered, let out a long low cry and came with a force that nearly knocked me off balance. Her pussy gave one powerful contraction followed by a series of flutters.

By this stage I was losing all inhibitions about the situation and my cock was steaming. She clutched her arms and legs around me as she quietened down, giving little shudders every now and again. She began to run her pussy luxuriously up and down my rock-hard cock, snuggling into me and almost purring. She moved her pussy right to the tip of my cock and plunged it down, slowly at first and then with increased tempo — but not uncontrolled, as she was before she came. I felt the tingle and the stirring begin deep within my loins.

Then she whispered in my ear: "Spunk in me, whoever you are. Come on, spunk in me." I was building up and beginning to lose control myself. My cock seemed to expand to another level. I was ramming into her, her legs were splayed again and I had to manoeuvre her around a bit so her foot didn't bang the door. She didn't seem to notice and never broke her rhythm — she was off again and begging me to spunk in her. Suddenly I swelled and just as I reached the base of her I pumped a huge jet of spunk into her. She reacted as if she felt it steaming up my shaft and boiling out against her cervix. She jerked back powerfully and cried out: "Oh fuuuucckk!" Her legs snapped around me and as I subsided she ground into me as she came again, her pussy fluttering and her arms clutching.

We stayed like that together for a while, calming down and getting our breathing even. I was exhausted and was beginning to feel pain in my knees. We stood and arranged our clothing. I tried to steady my knees. She kissed my mask, slipping in her tongue — I nipped it and she melted into me again, pressing herself against me. I reached under her dress, pulling aside her body suit. I took hold of one of her inner lips and pulled it out and apart. It was like a big oyster, all oozy and hot. I ran my fingers over her stubby clit and tugged at her other pussy lip. She moaned and buried her lips into my neck.

Just then I could hear my brother looking for me. We stayed quiet until he passed and when the coast was clear she slipped out. I got out a bit later and immediately made my way to the balcony. I was still in shock and it wasn't until I caught her smell on my fingers that I came to the full realisation of what had just taken place. I searched the party for her, but to no avail.

She had disappeared as mysteriously as she had appeared. I never got her name and she never saw my face — until about six months later, when I ran into her at an inner city pub. I knew who she was but she didn't show a glimmer of recognition when she was introduced to me. To this day she still doesn't know, but I don't think she will ever forget. — *Name and Address Withheld*

"The chef informs me that you can take your compliments and shove them up your arse."

TOUGH STUFF

Continued from page 71

world. His ten-round heavyweight brawl with the "Black Prince" Peter Jackson, an Australian-based West Indian, is still talked of as one of the greatest fights of all time. It took place at the National Sporting Club in London and was the culmination of years of rivalry between the two former sparring partners. In the sixth round a cut and bloodied Slavin smashed Jackson in the body and drove a splinter of rib into the black man's lung — an injury that hastened Jackson's early death from consumption. But by the eighth, the furious battle had taken its toll on the white man and in the tenth he was helpless. Jackson put him out of his misery with one colossal right. In the previous year, Jackson had fought a 61-round contest with future world heavyweight champ Gentleman Jim Corbett in San Francisco. The bout was declared a draw when the referee decided both men were too hurt and too exhausted even to punch each other any more.

In the Forties handsome Tommy Burns, like Dermott Brereton, proved that toughness didn't have to coincide with ugliness. Burns' epic battle with American O'Neill Bell is still regarded by the walking encyclopedia of Australian boxing, Ray Mitchell, as the most gruelling and exciting ever seen in this country. Burns, his face grossly mis-shapen and blood-splattered from the American's blows, came from behind to stop Bell in round 11 before 14,000 baying fans inside Sydney Stadium. "Gleefully Tommy Burns wended his way back to the dressing room," Mitchell wrote. "As he did so, his one open eye slammed shut. He was blind when he left the stadium. His face was round like a soccer ball and he spent three days in bed before his sight fully returned and the swelling subsided."

In the Fifties Ray Coleman established himself as Australia's premier tough guy, but he preferred soaking up punishment to training and lost his biggest fights, including one with gloves and one "bareknuckle in the park" against world champion Jimmy Carruthers.

Bronco Johnson, a great big dag from North Queensland who showered in his socks, wore ten-gallon hats and fought every bout as though it was a bar-room stink, was never counted out in his career and became a huge Sydney drawcard throughout the Fifties because of his toughness and aggression. In more recent times the mantle of Australia's toughest boxer has fallen not upon Jeff Fenech — who has been knocked to the canvas and who cries with hand pain after nearly every fight — but Melbourne's Barry Michael.

Although he was unable to dominate opponents the way Fenech has done, Michael was unsurpassed when it came to physical toughness. He suffered horrendous injuries in his career and survived them all to win four world title fights and finish with the fight game without ever having hit the deck. Many of his fights were gruelling battles of attrition, gloved warfare with such dangerous foes as bank-robber Al "Earthquake" Carter, Lester Ellis, Rocky Lockridge and Frank "The Tank" Ropis. Michael rarely took a backward step. His last fight was an eighth-round stoppage loss to Lockridge that left Michael's face looking like a scribbled cartoon.

Until his rematch loss to Dennis Andries, Jeff Harding also had a reputation as a boxer impervious to punishment. He had never been off his feet either, amateur or pro, and his gritty come-from-behind performance to beat Andries in their first world title fight had Mike Tyson gasping with awe and the New York boxing writers comparing Harding with the legendary middleweight champ Jake La Motta, the "Raging Bull."

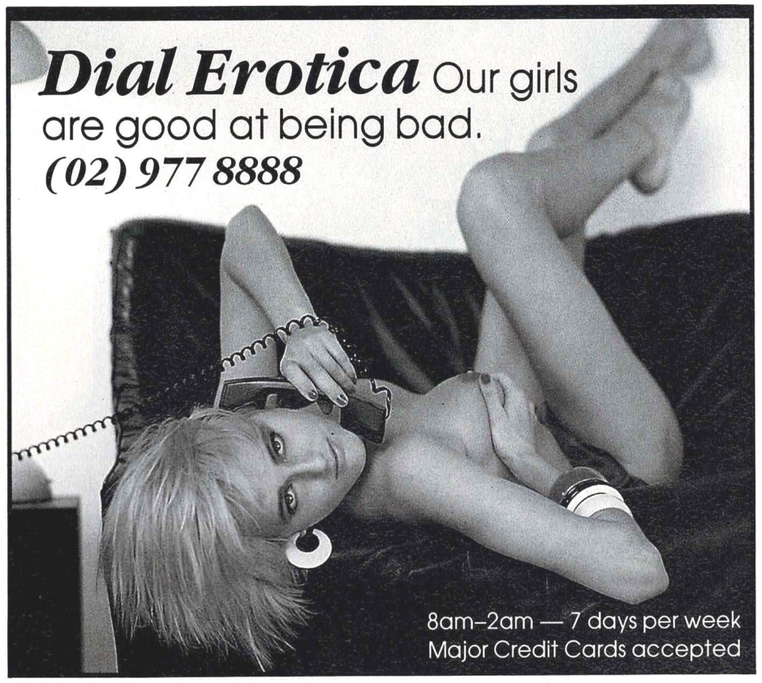
But the toughest fighter ever to box in an Australian ring was an Italian, Saverio Giannone, who changed his name to "Joe Grim." He is universally regarded as the toughest boxer who ever lived. He was also one of the least talented, but his amazing durability made him much more famous than the more successful pugilists.

Grim was based in Philadelphia but boxed all over the world during a career of no less than 400 professional fights. In most of them he absorbed more punishment than the average boxer endures in a lifetime. In Fiji, the locals were invited to test Joe's toughness by throwing baseballs at his head. He often allowed friends to belt him in the stomach with a sledgehammer. Newspapers billed him as "The Human Punching Bag" and he made a reputation around the globe for being able to withstand beatings that would have killed most men.

In a fight with future world heavyweight champion Jack Johnson in 1905, Grim, who weighed just 65kgs compared with Johnson's 100kgs, was knocked down 17 times in six rounds. But Johnson could not knock out the Punching Bag. "This guy ain't human," said the black giant after the first round. Grim would actually laugh every time Johnson decked him.

Tommy Burns and Bob Fitzsimmons, two other world heavyweight champions, also found Grim easy to hit but impossible to KO. Fitzsimmons recalled after their fight, in which Grim was knocked down nine times: "Every time I hit him with what I thought was a knockout punch, he either burst into laughter or launched a speech." In a fight with Jim Barry in 1907, Grim was knocked down more than 100 times. He was not, however, impervious to mental pain and in later years he spent some time in a strait-jacket.

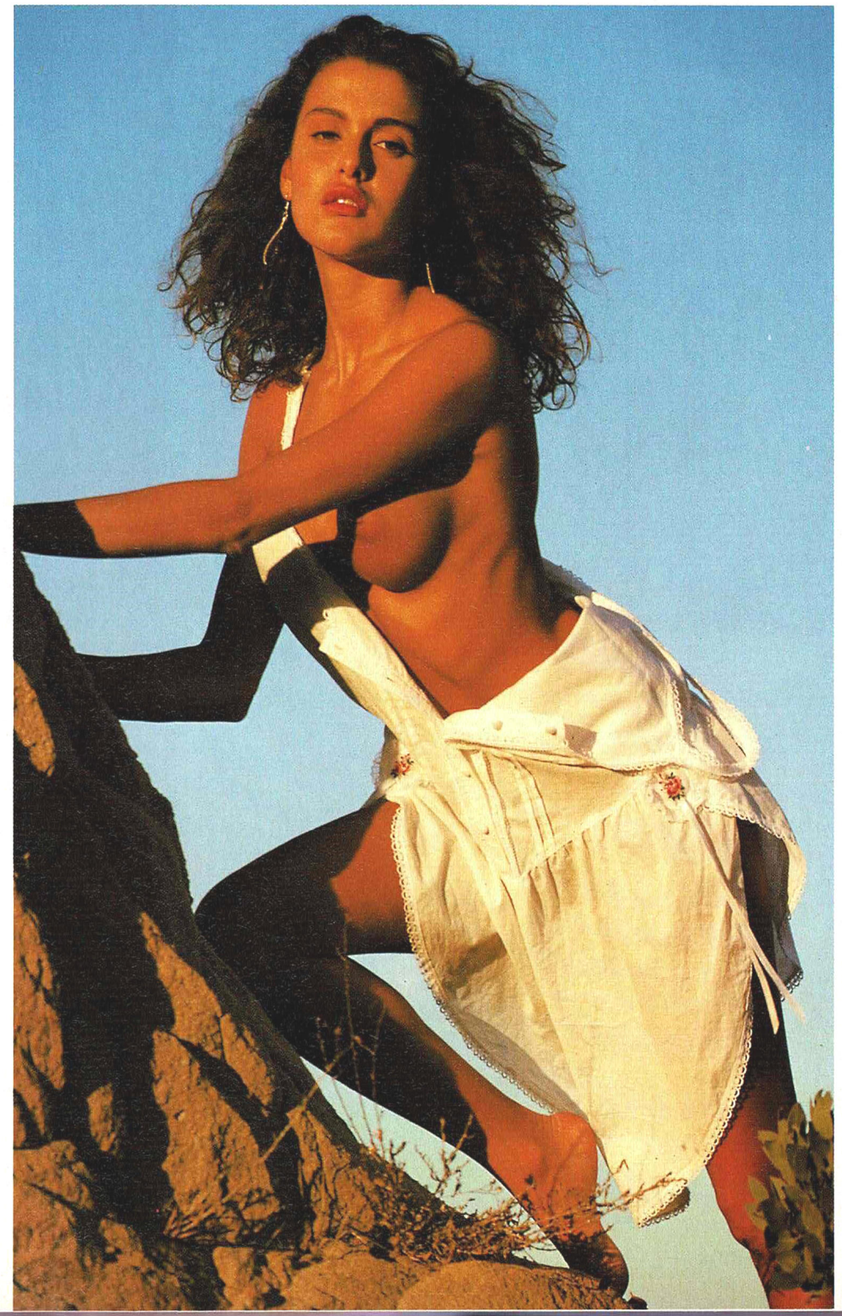
Not only did Grim have no massive physique, he was not even impressively built. A doctor who examined him in 1904 said he was amazed that the Italian's frail body could withstand the punishment it did. "The answer is that Joe's brain matter is no more developed than his muscles," the doctor concluded. "Grim has no nerves and does not possess enough intelligence to realise any danger." In other words, he was just too dumb to feel any pain.



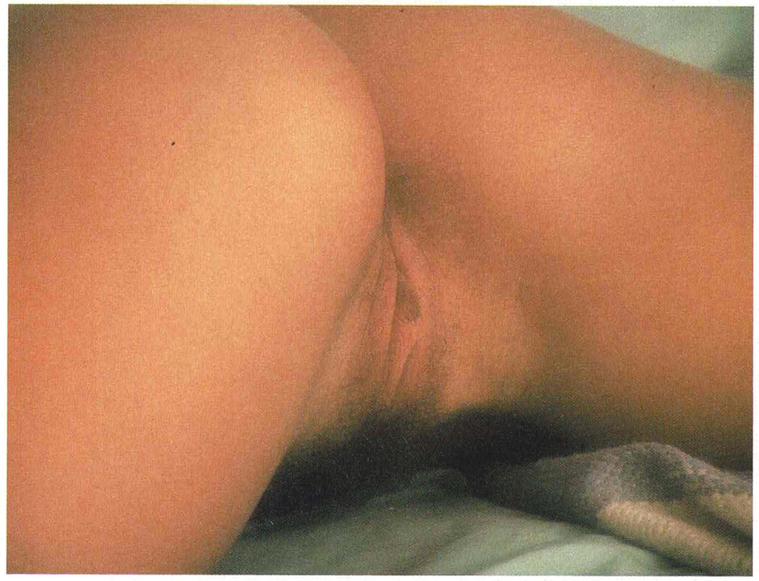
la vie en ROSE

Pleasure seekers and beauty worshippers the world over flock to the French Riviera for its golden sand, turquoise water and fantasy nights. And now they delight in the discovery of the newest sparkling jewel of the Mediterranean — the beautiful Nathalie Lions, 21.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS



"Nice has always been my home," she purrs. "Some people say I'm spoiled, but if *you* lived in paradise, would you ever want to leave?" An aspiring director, 36-24-33 Nathalie takes occasional modelling assignments to pay for her cinema courses at a nearby university. "A beautiful woman can be just as effective *behind* the camera," she says.



"Having to watch movies all day isn't bad, though once we saw a film where four people stared at each other without saying a word. Needless to say, no-one was looking at the screen!"

messenger

Continued from page 92

defended the principles of their work rather than those of their pay packets."

Whether or not Pilger's latest book should become part of the school syllabus is open to debate, although the information within would give the average student a far greater understanding of his own country. Absorbing the entirety of the text means drawing uncomfortable comparisons with South Africa, from which Pilger was banned in 1967.

Pilger stresses that the average Australian is ignorant of the details of Aboriginal life in Australia, and that this is logical considering the "history" we were all taught. Until relatively recently, the *Encyclopaedia Brittanica* described the Aborigine thus: "More ferocious than the lynx, the leopard, or the hyena, he devours his own species." In one of the most widely read textbooks commissioned in 1959, *The Triumph In The Tropics*, they are portrayed as being like their own "half-wild dogs." A 1970 reprint of *The Squatting Age In Australia*, by Professor Stephen Roberts, concluded that: "It was quite useless to treat [the Aborigines] fairly, since they were completely amoral and usually incapable of ... gratitude."

Even today, the rate of Aboriginal deaths in police custody is 13 times higher than that of blacks in South Africa. The diseases that prevail amongst the Aboriginal population are mostly those found only in Third World countries. Police brutality, social ostracism, poverty, lack of education — all these things are conveniently ignored because the victims are not white and because people are not properly informed or educated to accept them as relevant issues.

Such issues are a sore point with Pilger. "There is one in four children living in poverty. That is the secret side of Australia, and it's a disgrace. Another issue which is related to that is the dramatic redistribution of personal wealth which has happened in the last ten years. In the Sixties, this country had the most equitable spread of personal wealth in the world. What we have now is one of the most economically divided societies." His voice is quietly emphatic. "Related to that is the continuing injustice to the Aboriginal people. Until they are given comprehensive land rights, as they've been promised time and time again, then all the terrible social problems that afflict them will never be dealt with adequately. These issues are all interrelated."

A Secret Country goes on to examine the mass migration from Europe, which was made palatable to the Australians by assuring them that any immigrants, no matter how well qualified, would get "dirty" jobs — doctors digging ditches, teachers acting as janitors, musicians working in factories. Australia has come a long way from those xenophobic days but, says Pilger, there is still a deal of prejudice directed at Asians. In 1984, historian Geoffrey Blainey (now a columnist with *The Australian*) quoted complaints about Asian immigrants who "fly around in flash cars while I have to walk everywhere" and who "dry noodles on the clothes line in the back yard." Such sentiments were laughed off by the academic community and caused angry readers to defend their Asiatic neighbors, a response which perhaps told of a new Australian perspective — that of tolerance and acceptance. But the struggle against ignorance continues.

"I think that most people live their lives decently," Pilger observes. "I don't believe that the way people live their lives is necessarily reflected in the way the country is run. I think that most people are honest, I really do. That's something my experience has taught me. Most ordinary people are honest and generous. You usually find that the most generous people have the least, and that those with the most are the least generous and the least honest."

In the chapter titled "The Coup", the CIA's involvement with Australia is documented in terrifying detail. One of the most disturbing quotes is of CIA executive Victor Marchetti: "Australia is the big one, the jewel of South-East Asia. Looking down the road, Australia is going to be increasingly important to the United States, and so long as Australians keep on electing the right people then there'll be a stable relationship between the two countries." Whitlam's shotgun dismissal is viewed with fresh evidence, as is the use of Australian land for the testing of British nuclear weapons.

Pine Gap, near Alice Springs, is an American spy-satellite base, planned and set up by the CIA and run by the CIA with the American National Security Agency. According to James Jesus Angleton, for 20 years the head of CIA counter-intelligence, Pine Gap's importance is such that "unlike any similar installation that may be in any other place in the free world, it elevates Australia in terms of strategic matters." Pilger explains that this means Australia has been positioned in the front line of a prospective nuclear war on the other side of the world.

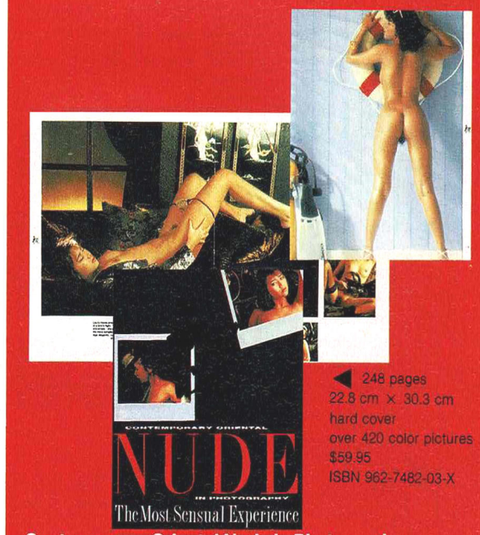
The funniest part of his book — and Pilger employs a lovely irony when he feels it suitable — is his chapter on "The Order Of Mates." This is "an almost Masonic alliance of leading politicians and their rich and powerful patrons, notably the Silver Bodgie (Hawke), the Dirty Digger (Murdoch), Nifty (Wran), Bondy (Bond), and the Goanna (Packer)." Aside from the subterfuge, political double-dealing and media monopolisation, Pilger finds an abundance of comedy.

A Secret Country quotes journalist Brian Toohey on Hawke's first meeting with Sydney publishing scion Sir Warwick Fairfax and his wife, Lady Mary: "Hawke was in his 100-drinks-a-day phase . . . The occasion was a Parliament House reception in Canberra where the guests had spilled into the court-

Continued on page 128

THE WILDEST SIDE OF THE EAST

裸 NUDE



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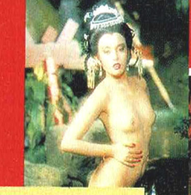

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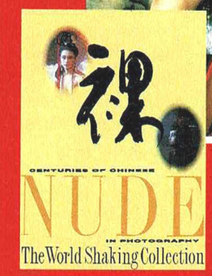

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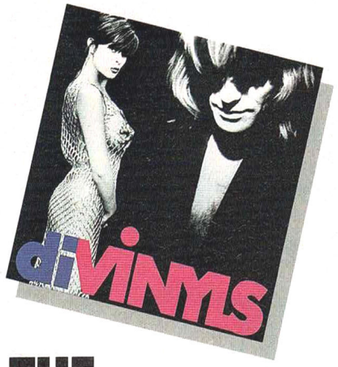


THE GOOD HUMOUR MAN

Last year's contractual rocks and reefs successfully navigated, Melbourne identity **Stephen Cummings** is now to be found in excellent *Good Humour* (Truetone). The last couple of years have seen him performing with more acoustic jazz-influenced players. However, the opening track "Stand Up (Love Is The Greatest)" promises a few more funky floors to last decade's "Gymnasium." It kicks in with the strong vocals of Rebecca Barnard and sports programming and wah-wah guitar courtesy of Robert Googe (I'm Talking), and there are others like the thumping feel of "Hell (You've Put Me Through)." Still, Cummings is not interested in the big "radio sound" that others use as the bed for "mature pop." Even threatened rap-speak on "I Call This Living" sounds more like the prologue to one of his beloved detective novels. These flirtations with funky soul are like dalliances with a former lover and they are neatly and consistently balanced by wistful songs of piano, acoustic guitar and big string lines, which is where his performing heart is apparently at these days.

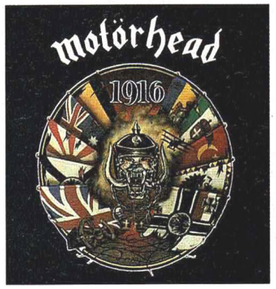
Having drifted into a Parisian writing sabbatical and then a new record company, the volatile duo of Christina Amphlett and Mark McEntee found the pieces falling into place for the next phase of their chequered public persona as the **Divynls** (Virgin). Hightailing it to Californian studios, they picked up a local rhythm section that proved both solid and expansive, and kept very much to the trio format (with occasional organ). The vocal hiccups, pouts, and fringes remain, but they've freed their approach. The band sounds live, taking chances and without the anthemic ballad. Amphlett threatens to do for string bags what she previously did for school tunics — "Sometimes I dress so wickedly I give myself a fright." McEntee plays proud and fierce while Amphlett essentially sings about the character that touring has made her. She champions no new causes, clinging to ongoing obsessions of sex and rock and roll — "I need to be forgiven, I'm not even driving, I'm just being driven."

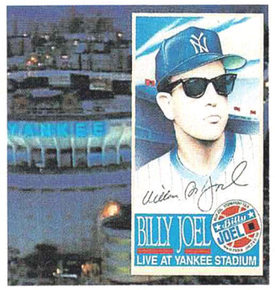
Billy Joel almost had to apply for residential status he was doing so many concerts here earlier on this year. The most recent recorded live offerings from the piano man to compensate for missing his multitude of shows or to act as a memento was the five-track "Live At Yankee Stadium", which was only available with his box set, *Souvenir — The Ultimate Collection* (Columbia). Now 85 minutes of those historic two nights is available on video. For the first time in 67 years, the house that ("Babe") Ruth built threw open its turnstiles to hometown boy Joel for its first rock concert. Even if his songs aren't your cup of diet cola, the *Live At Yankee Stadium* (CBS video) album delivers the spectacle and energy of Joel in this shrine to American baseball.

If it's some serious noise you want, why go past the grandfathers of grunge, **Motorhead**? With bassist and lead screamer Lemmy (Caution) Kilmister at the wheel, these scruffy thrashers have kept to a loud, nasty and relentless course for 15 years — "Older than the Rolling Stones . . . I got a buncha boys, we make a lot of noise." Their latest effort, *1916* (Epic), takes its title from an uncharacteristically subdued pipe organ and cello anti-war track where Lemmy shows the same raspy edge that has made Robert Wyatt a curiously commanding vocalist.

"Resolutely garage" is the mood we find the **Hindu Love Gods** (Reprise) in on their debut airing. The minutes of the inaugural meeting of this casual conglomerate have been culled from hours of possibly timeless but definitely endless jamming (fade-outs rule!) This time out we have old gravel-throat Warren ("Werewolves Of London") Zevon and most of those American College Circuit icons, REM. They have their way with mainly old blues tunes from the likes of Robert Johnson("Walkin' Blues") and Willie Dixon ("Wang Dang Doodle").

Dave Stewart, confirmed workaholic, was always busy producing and writing with others while the Eurythmics were a happening thing. Now they're on an indefinite break he launched immediately *Dave Stewart And The Spiritual Cowboys* (RCA). The lineup has changed since these tracks were recorded last year, but Stewart is still at the microphone in a way we never heard when Annie Lennox prowled the stage. Many tunes are in the spirit of Dylan, with wailing harmonica over the guitar rock grooves, but his voice never wavers with the same prophetic uncertainty, even on tracks like "King Of The Hypocrites." — *Jeremy Cook*





Clockwise from above: The Divynls, back and taking chances; Motorhead, still screamin' after all these years; Billy Joel pitches up a live one; Stephen Cummings balances funk with wistful thinking.

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THE TRAVELLING

hedonist

Al Goldstein is the notorious publisher of America's *Screw* magazine. He is an unabashed connoisseur of sensual pleasure with a wealth of knowledge on how to obtain it anywhere in the world.

THE DOWNSIDE OF TRAVEL

There is a line in the recent Bertolucci film of Paul Bowles's great North African novel, *The Sheltering Sky*, to the effect that the difference between travellers and tourists is that tourists know from the time they embark the date they will return home, while travellers know to leave journeys open-ended.

Simplistic, perhaps, but the concept of differentiating between tourists and travellers is a good one. On a recent sojourn to London, a rather mundane set of circumstances conspired to teach me a few

lessons about what separates the sheep from the goats in the world of international travel.

Flying from London to New York is instructive in itself, if only to point up the obvious differences between the two cities. New York of late has been suffering from very bad press. Not since the early Seventies has the cultural capital of the US seemed so spiritually impoverished. The dirty streets, the homeless, the traffic — the problems seem all the more unbearable for being intractable.

London has its own set of problems, but it has been, over the years I've visited, one of the most gracefully resilient cities on Earth. No matter what happens in the UK at large, London seems open, welcome, humane. Part of this is because the streets are so much more hospitable — what computer aficionados call "user-friendly." You feel so much more at ease walking around London than you do in New York, say, or around many other large capitals. Part of this is that you don't have to fear that every other pedestrian has a handgun, but part of it is well-designed spaces, too.

For reasons best left to me and a certain publicity agent, I was in London for one of those Death March Theatre Tours. I was to see 14 plays in ten days, which is sort of like reading all of Shakespeare in one sitting. What with jet lag and the cruel pace of the tour, what I mostly found was that a London theatre is an accommodating place in which to sleep.

Tourism is a way to separate ourselves from the awesome, threatening and occasionally terrifying experience that travelling is — or should be. By following a pre-set itinerary, the tourist can feel he is seeing a place when he's really only looking at a map of a place. I am reminded of the comic Stephen Wright, who tells a joke about a map that gets larger and larger in scale, until it is the same size of the place it seeks to describe.

There is no doubt about it: the theatre in London is among the greatest in the world. But the way I approached it on my recent tour, it was rushed, collapsed, a meaningless blur. I had forgotten the crucial distinction between the traveller and the tourist. For a tourist, the journey is a job, a means to an end. They wind up with souvenirs, a full set of slides to show the folks at home, a passport stamped with exotic ports-of-call. But a traveller sees the journey as an end in itself.

There were a few discoveries about the city this time around which salvaged the trip for me. One was the newly reopened Hampshire Hotel on Leicester Square. I was told it was a renovation of a former dental hospital, and I imagined you could still hear the ghosts of the screams of dental patients who suffered there. But the remake was total, and the place is very convenient to the theatre district.

One thing I liked about it is that the area smacks of my home turf in New York City, Times Square. While not so glittery, and lacking the electric street energy of the place that styles itself "The Crossroads of the World," Leicester Square proves my point about the accessibility of London's open spaces. Only in

"Tourism is a way of separating ourselves from the terrifying experience that travelling is."

London would an entertainment district be so calming and so civilised.

In fact, the area was so inviting that I took the day off from the theatre tour to spend some time alone. I perused the second-hand bookshops of Charing Cross Road, and then stopped in the nearby Maison Bortaux for delicious pastries at tea. A little quiet for the Travelling Hedonist, but a very enjoyable day nonetheless. The hedonist takes his pleasure where he finds them.

I also stayed at a smallish place run by the Four Seasons chain and called Inn On The Park — Hyde Park, that is. Quiet, baronial opulence is the key here, and the concierge boasts that the place was billionaire Howard Hughes's home-away-from-home when he stayed over in London.

Wherever I stayed, I observed the profound difference between following other people's schedules and allowing myself my own. It was a good way to relearn a lesson: that travelling is not a vocation, it's an avocation; that there remains a crucial difference between "traveller" and "tourist." Simply, "The Hedonistic Tourist" just doesn't sound right.

Keep them in their place!

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SHADE WING

A great idea for the great outdoors is the Shade Wing, a tensioned sail of cloth set up to keep the sun's rays at bay. The wing is available in long-life sunblock mesh fabric, or in canvas specially treated against mildew and for UV protection. Different shapes, colors and sizes are available, with galvanised tubing poles for the mesh fabric and beautiful mountain ash or pine poles for the canvas. Prices range from around $80 upwards, depending on size and fabric. They're available from Innovative Shade Designs on (03) 388 0002.

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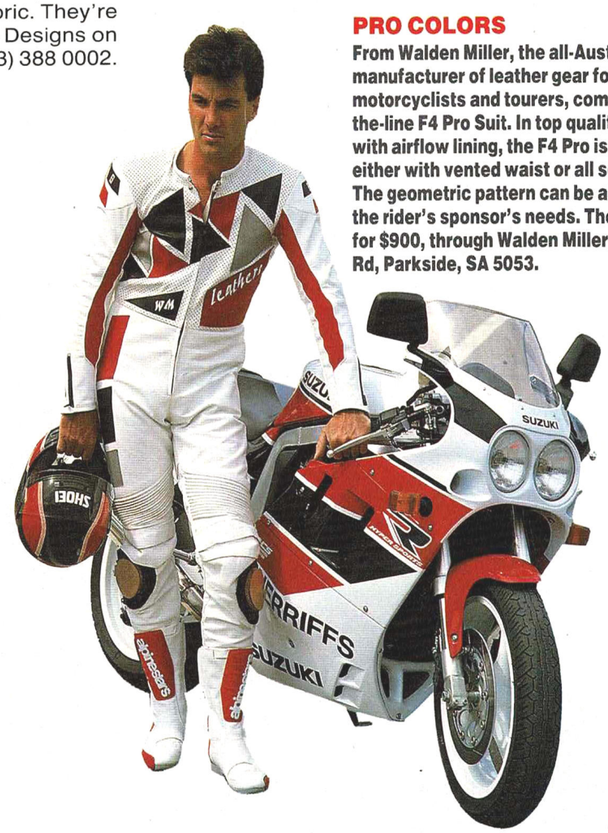


PRO COLORS

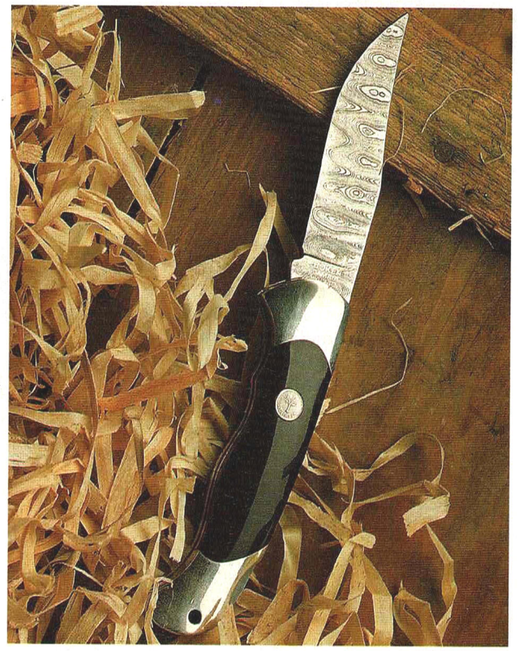
From Walden Miller, the all-Australian manufacturer of leather gear for sports motorcyclists and tourers, comes the top-of-the-line F4 Pro Suit. In top quality leather with airflow lining, the F4 Pro is available either with vented waist or all solid leather. The geometric pattern can be altered to suit the rider's sponsor's needs. The suit retails for $900, through Walden Miller, 87 Unley Rd, Parkside, SA 5053.

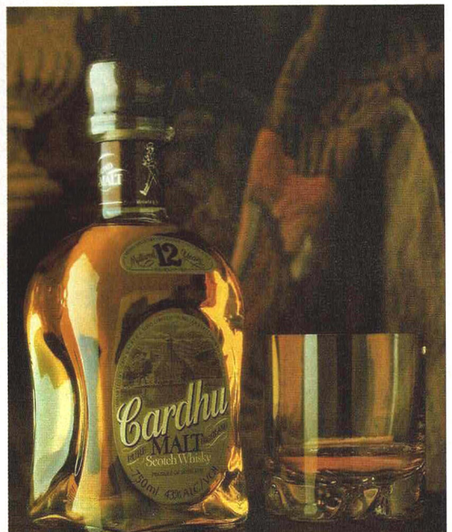
big buzz

So you thought kites were just for kids? Well, have a look at this. The Buzz kites are so named because of the humming noise they make when they're flying. They're high-tech, with hollow carbon fibre spars and spines (that's kite-talk for the stiff bits) and 3/4 ounce ripstop nylon sails (the same stuff is used for spinnakers on boats). The strings are either kevlar or spectra, and the kites are cut for maximum lift. They're powerful as hell — they fly at speeds higher than 120 km/h and the manufacturers reckon that if you link two Large Buzzes (which can easily be done), you can waterski behind them. The Large Buzz, complete with strings and handles, costs around $390, while the smaller Buzz Action (pictured here) costs around $220. They're available from Breeze & Eeze Kites, Shop 455 Harbourside, Darling Harbour, Sydney. Phone (02) 281 4348.

BOKER DAMASCUS KNIFE

As knives go, this isn't one you'd want to use for tightening the screws on your workbench. The Damascus knife, handmade in Germany by Heinr. Boker Inc's master craftsman, Manfred Sachse, has more than 300 layers of steel and iron in its blade. The handle is bone and the blade spring works smoothly when folding the blade away. This is a collector's item, and it costs $449.95 from Knife World, Sydney, phone (02) 211 0315.





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From the adventurous beginnings of the radical sport of snowboarding, when they marketed a small series of handmade snowboards, Austrian company Hooger Booger were the first to uncompromisingly apply the knowhow of the ski industry to snowboarding. Hooger Booger boards are available in three construction modes, each tailored towards different skills and requirements of snowboarders. We've pictured the range, including the mean Blaster, a freestyle board well-suited to Australian shredders. Light fibreglass laminate sandwich construction and all-round steel and ABS side walls allow the boards to handle high flying and heavy landings. Extreme soft flex in the tip and tail and the rounded outline facilitate extravagant manoeuvres on the snow and in the wild blue yonder. It retails for around $630. For stockists of the Blaster and all Hooger Booger boards, phone Winterski Imports on (02) 773 4975.

LOOSE ENDS

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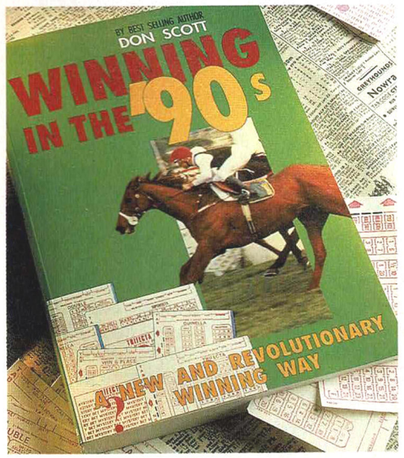
Leaders of the pack in cycle racing, Zipp Composite Wheels, in carbon fibre and kevlar, provide the aerodynamic excellence required by racers. Made popular by triathlon racers, these wheels weigh less than conventional wheels and save several minutes in an hour's ride. They range in cost from $500 to $1500, are extremely durable, and are available in 11 colors. For more details and stockists, phone Tri-Sports on (02) 997 6988.

BATTLE COLORS

Ask any big game fisherman and he'll tell you that Peter Pakula lures are the go if you've got your eyes on the winner's circle at the big fishing competitions. A well known game fishing tactician and a fishing record-holder himself, Brisbane-based Peter Pakula has spent years finetuning his range of wildly lurid, totally original and colorfully named lures. These days his products are favorites, too, on the big boats out of Kona in Hawaii. For battle with marlin, yellowfin tuna, wahoo and sailfish, we've pictured The Monster (in fluoro green, $115.50), The Rat (in fluoro green and blue/purple), $73), The Mouse (in fluoro pink and silver/black/pink, $53), and The Small Sprocket (silver/gold/blue, $50). Peter Pakula lures are available at selected tackle shops. For info and the largest range in Australia, visit The Compleat Angler, 3rd floor, 428 George St, Sydney, or phone manager Brett Deeney on (02) 241 2080.

BEST BETS

If you're into horses — as a punter, that is — this book will tell you all you need to know about betting as it's done in the Nineties. In *Winning In The 90s*, best-selling author Don Scott avoids jargon and explains the mysteries of quinellas, trifectas, quadrellas, quadXtras and superfectas, as well as the future trends of betting. Illustrated with comprehensive track diagrams, this very useful book costs $39.95 from all Grahame's bookstores. You can also get it by mail order Sydney: (02) 922 7179. Elsewhere: 008 227236



PROTECTION PURSUIT

Paintball or Skirmish is now legal and burgeoning in popularity in most states. For a wide range of high quality kit, the khaki brigade can now look to JT USA Pursuit System products, the brand worn by six of the world's top Skirmish teams, and newly available here. We've pictured the JT Snappers, protective pursuit goggles that save your face from the danger and pain of a direct hit, are anti-fogging and, of course, shatter-proof. Body armor and a wide range of pursuit accessories are also now available through Tri-Sports Australia, (02) 997 6988.

tube sense

No longer do you have to struggle with pulpy cardboard tubes or sawn-off pieces of plastic piping if you want to carry drawings or charts. These practical, clever lightweight tubes have been designed for just such a purpose. They are extendable, waterproof, and come with a shoulder strap, or with lugs to fit a wall rack. The executive version also has labels on the ends for easy filing. Designed in Italy, the tubes are reasonably priced. You can get them from G. & C. Ventura on (02) 555 7277.

CLARITY AND PERFORMANCE

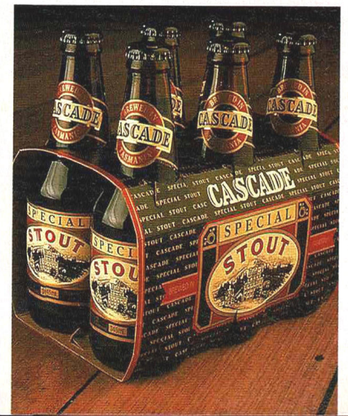
If you haven't heard of Revo sunglasses, rest assured that you're going to hear a lot about them over the next few years. In terms of technological excellence and fashion, Revo glasses lead the field in the States, eclipsing the protection capabilities and popularity of even the excellent Vuarnet, Bolle and Ray-Ban lines. The Revo lens is a direct result of technology developed for the NASA space program. Ground to camera lens specification, Revo lenses offer the highest protection of any sunglass in the world — 100 percent protection from UVA, UVB, UVC and IR radiation. A combination of highly advanced filtration factors clarifies and enhances colors and contrast in all conditions, but Revo glasses come into their own in flat light and haze, making them an increasingly popular choice for pilots and skiers. For dealer information, or a chance to test-drive these high-performance sunglasses, phone 008 337 349.

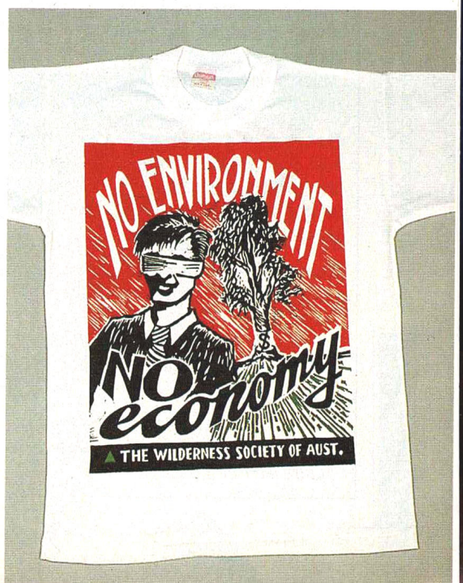
GOOD IN GREEN

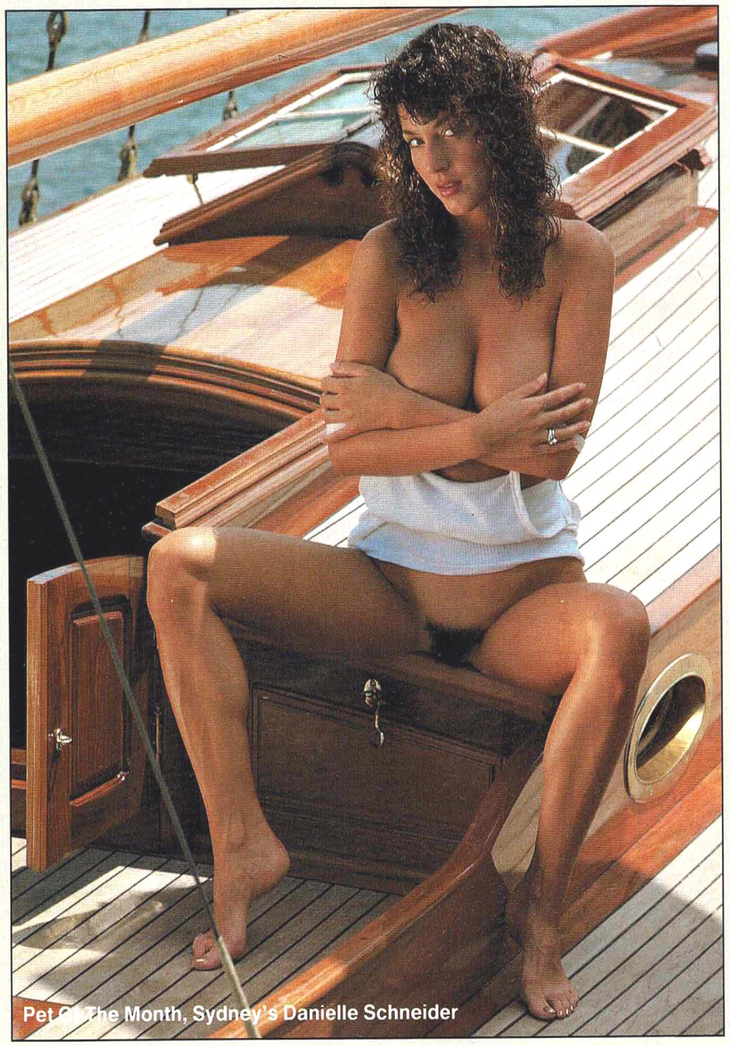
The 11 Wilderness Society shops around Australia market a range of quality goods that make a statement and raise money for the good works of the Society. From their wide variety of merchandise, we've pictured one of their 100 percent cotton, machine-washable, non-shrink T-shirts, the striking woodcut socialist poster art design "No Environment, No Economy" by artist Jon Paton ($24). Buy this and other items that help to protect Australia's natural heritage at Wilderness Society stores in Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, Brisbane, Canberra, Hobart, Fremantle, Newcastle, Illawarra, Launceston and Devonport. For phone orders and free catalogue, phone (008) 035 354.

stout stuff

Stout has been around for nearly three centuries, and in Australia it's been brewed down in Tassie for more than 100 years. It was a secret the Tasmanians kept to themselves until 18 months ago, when the Cascade brewery introduced Special Stout to the mainland. Brewed in batches, the stout gets its distinctive flavor and color from a high charge of malt. Traditional methods of roasting the barley, and of bottling the beer, mean that the final product is a treat for stout devotees. The stout is available in cases or six-packs, with a six-pack retailing for around $9.95.







Pet Of The Month, Sydney's Danielle Schneider

INSIDE JULY AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Serial Killers — As late as 1986, Australian police believed that sadistic sexual killers were a uniquely American phenomenon. But a series of vicious cases in the latter part of that decade forced them to change their minds. July *Australian Penthouse* investigates the latest sophisticated techniques used to track serial killers, techniques which are proving that many of this country's thousands of supposedly missing persons have been the victims of violent crime.

Dancing With Sharks — After a quarter of a century of catching killer sharks, Vic Hislop is facing his biggest challenge — to prevent the push to declare some sharks as protected species. In next month's *Penthouse* the controversial fisherman who landed the biggest white pointer ever warns of the dangers of treating sharks as endangered species.

Ecoterror — Environmentalists aren't all peace-loving old hippies. More and more gung-ho activists are using direct sabotage to make their point, whether it be pouring sugar into the fuel tanks of forestry bulldozers or driving spikes into trees. Just how far will they go? July *Penthouse* exposes the "ecoteurs" and their bizarre new methods of crippling "progress."

Girl Overboard — Our demure July Pet Of The Month Danielle Schneider doesn't like pushy men. But when you see her centrespread in next month's issue you'll understand why her suitors are so impulsive. Establish eye contact with Danielle in July *Australian Penthouse*.

messenger

Continued from page 118

yard outside the non-members bar. While Sir Warwick and I conducted the usual, polite *tour de l'horizon*, the putative PM was most solicitous of Lady Mary's sexual welfare (nodding to Sir Warwick), 'I bet this old bastard doesn't give your cunt much use.' Considerable effort was then devoted to explaining in florid detail that, fortunately, a remedy was available in the form of R.J.L. Hawke himself."

Pilger claims our present Labor Government poses as a government for the ordinary man whilst catering to the needs of the rich to the extent that numerous laws have been changed to protect their interests. During the first four years of the Hawke Government, the Murdoch family fortune increased from $250 million to $2.5 billion. Kerry Packer, an enthusiast about the life of Ghengis Khan, has seen his fortunes rise from $100 million to more than $1 billion under Hawke's benevolent leadership.

But what about the ordinary man? "Hawke is a Labor Prime Minister who doesn't in any way represent the Labor constituency." Pilger pauses momentarily, choosing his words with care. "I think a politician's role is to represent the people, and they seldom do that. The politics of so-called democracies are really simply the exchange of perks, privileges, and attitudes between elites. In this country there is a sort of meritocracy, but it is so corrupt that it is difficult to know how to describe it. Certainly the seven million wage earners in this country are not adequately represented. You know, there is a vocabulary to cover what is not a democracy at all. A democracy is merely the shop front. We live in a democracy, we have an election every now and again, but really what goes on in the shop itself is different." He tips the last dregs of the beer into his glass and scratches his chin. "In my opinion, you don't give in to corruption. I would suggest that there are other ways if the alternative is simply joining the corrupt. I don't believe that the decent nature of ordinary life is reflected in our politics."

Pilger feels that to condone corruption for the sake of not upsetting the status quo ultimately leads to an unmanageable situation. If he is a fanatic about anything, it is the truth — his argument being that no growth can be achieved without acknowledgment. His stance is not about "atoning for sins", as so many of his critics believe. It's about rectifying mistakes.

He stands up to his broad-shouldered height, squinting, and smiles. "It's all a matter of awareness. It's impossible to be fair unless you're in full possession of the facts." In *A Secret Country*, he incorporates a quote from the Czech author Milan Kundera: "The struggle of people [against power] is the struggle of memory against forgetting."

Pilger believes in remembering.

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